



*god direct your and p'sent*

**A dialogue conteinyng  
the number in effect of all the  
prouerbes in the englisse  
tongue, compacte in  
a matter concer=  
nyng two ma=  
ner of ma=  
riages,  
made  
and set foorth by  
Iohn Hey=  
wood.**

*.W. S.*

Londini.

AN. M. D. XLVI.

*I Dece. Smyth.*  
*in antient (q. touz)*



T B.

## The p̄face.

**A**mong other thyngs profityng in our tong  
Those whiche much may profit both old & yong  
Such as on their fruite will feede oꝝ take holde  
Are our cōmon playne pithy p̄ouerbes olde.  
Some sence of some of whiche beyng bare and rude  
Yet to fyne and fruitefull effect they allude.  
And theyꝝ sentences include so large a reache  
That almost in all thynges good lessons they teache.  
This wyte I not to teache, but to touche. foꝝ why,  
Men knowe this as well oꝝ better than I.  
But this and this rest, I wyte foꝝ this.  
Remembryng and consydeyng what the pith is  
That by remembrance of these p̄ouerbes may grow  
In this tale, erst talked with a frende, I shewe  
As many of them as we coulde fytly fynde,  
Fallyng to purpose, that might fall in mynde.  
To the intent the reader redyly may  
Fynde them and mynde them, when he will alway.



## The fyrste parte.

### The fyrst chapter.

**O**f myne acquayntaunce a certayne yong man  
(Beyng a resorter to me nowe and then)  
Resorted lately, shewyng hym selfe to be  
Despous, to talke at length alone with me.  
And as we for this a mete place had woon,  
With this olde prouerbe, this yong man begoon.  
Who so that knewe, what wolde be dere,  
Shulde nedde be marchaunt but one yere.  
Though it (quoth he) thyng impossible be  
The full sequele of present chynges to fore se:  
Yet doth this prouerbe prouoke euery man  
Politikely (as man possibly can)  
In thyngs to come after, to cast ipe before  
To cast out or kepe in, thyngs for fore store.  
As the prouision maie seme most profitable,  
And the commoditee moste commendable.  
Into this consideracion I am wrought  
By two thyngs, which fortune to hāds hath brought.  
Two women I know, of which twayne the one  
Is a mayde of flowyng age, a goodly one.  
Thother a wydowe, who so many yeres beares,  
That all her whitenesse lythe in her white heares.  
This mayde hath frēds riche, but riches hath she non  
Nor none can hir hands get to lyue vpon.  
This wydow is very riche, and hir frends bare.  
And both, these, for loue to wed with me fonde are.  
And both wolde I wed, the better and the wurs.  
The one for her person, the tother for her purs.

The fyrste parte.

They woo not my substance, but my selfe they wooe.  
Goodes haue I none, and small good can I dooe.  
On this pooze mayd hit riche frends I clerely know  
(So she wed where thei will) great gifts will bestow.  
But with theim all I am so farre from fauer,  
That she shall sure haue no grote, if I haue her.  
And I shall haue as littell, all my frends swere,  
Except I folowe theim, to wedde els where.  
The pooze frends of this riche widow bere no sway,  
But wed hit and wyn welth, whan I will I may.  
Now whiche of these twayne is like to be derest  
In payne or pleasure to stycke to me nerest,  
The depth of all doubts with you to consyder,  
The sence of the saied prouerbe sendth me hither.  
The best bargain of both quickly to haue skande:  
For one of them thynke I to make out of hande.

The seconde chapter.

Frende(quothe I) welcome, & with right good will,  
I will as I can your will herein fulfyll.  
And two thyngs I see in you, that shewe you wise.  
Fyrst in weddyng or ye wed, to aske aduise.  
The seconde, your yerres beyng yong it apperes,  
Ye regarde yet good prouerbs of olde serue yerres.  
And as ye grounde your tale vpon one of theim  
furnishe we this tale with euerychone of theim.  
Suche as may fitly fall in mynde to dispoise,  
Agreed(quothe he.) Then(quothe I) first this disclose.  
Haue you to this olde wydowe, or this yong mayde,  
Any wordes of assurance or this tyme sayde?

May



The fyfte parte.

Ray in good faith he sayd he. well than (sayd I)  
I will be playne with you, and may honestly.  
And plainly to speake, I lyke you (as I sayde)  
In two foze tolde things, but a thyrde haue I wayde,  
Not so muche to be lyked, as I can deme,  
Whiche is in your wedding your haste so extreme.

The best or wurst thyng to man for this lyfe  
Is good or yll choosyng his good or yll wyfe.  
I meane not onely of body good or bad,  
But of all thyngs meete or vnmeete to be had  
Suche as at any tyme by any meane maie  
Betwene man and wyfe, loue encrease or decate.  
Where this grounde in any hed, grauely grateth  
All fyer haste to wed, it soone rebateth.  
Som thyngs that prouoke pong men to wed in haste  
Show after wedding that haste maketh waste.  
Whan tyme hath touned white suger to white salte,  
Than suche folke se, softe fyre maketh swete malte.  
And that deliberacion dothe men assyst  
Before they wed, to beware of had I wylt.  
And than they tymely wedding both clere appere,  
That they were early vp, and neuer the nere.  
And ones they hasty heate a lyttell controlde,  
Than perceyue they well, hotte loue sone colde.  
And whan hasty witlesse myrth is mated weele,  
Good to be mery and wyle, they thynke and feele.  
Haste in wedding som man thynkth his owne anaille  
Whan haste proueth a rod made for his owne taile.  
And whan he is well beaten with his owne rodde,  
Than seeth he haste and wisdom, thyngs far odde.

The fyrst parte.

And that in all, or moſte thyngs, wiſht at nede,  
Whiche tymes he ſeeth, the moze haſte the leſſe ſpede.  
In leſ thigs the wedding, haſte ſhowth haſte māſ fo,  
So that the haſty man neuer wanteth wo.  
Theſe ſage ſayd ſawes yf ye take ſo profounde,  
As ye take that, by whiche ye toke your grounde,  
Than ſynd ye grounded cauſe by theſe now here tolde,  
In haſte to wedding your haſte to withholde.  
And though they ſeme wyues for you neuer ſo fyt,  
Yet let not harmfull haſte ſo far out ren your wyt,  
But that ye harke to here all the holle ſome,  
That maie pleaſe or diſpleaſe you in tyme to come.  
Thus by theſe leſſons ye may learne good cheape  
In wedding and all thyng, to lōke or ye leape.  
Ye haue euen nowe well overlooked me (quoth he)  
And lepte very nye me to. For I agree.  
That theſe ſage ſayinges dooc weightily waie  
Agaynſt haſte in all thyng: but I am at baye.  
By other parables of lyke weighty weyght,  
Which haſte me to wedding as ye ſhal here ſtreight.

The thyrde chapiter.

**H**E that will not whan he maie,  
Whan he woulde, he ſhall haue naie.  
Beautie or ryches the tone of the twayne  
Nowe maie I choſe, and whiche me lyſt obteyne.  
And if we determyne me, this mayde to take,  
And than tract of tyme trayne her me to forſake:  
Than my beautifull mariage lythe in the dyke,  
And neuer for beautie, ſhall I wedde the lyke.  
Nowe



The fyrste parte.

Nowe if we awarde me this wydowe to wedde,  
And that I dye of tyme, tyll tyme she be dedde:  
Than farewell ryches, the fat is in the fyre.  
And neuer shall I to lyke riches aspire.  
And a thousande folde wolde it greue me moze,  
That she in my faute shulde dye one houre before,  
Than one minute after. Than haste must prouoke,  
whan the pygge is proferd to holde by the poke.  
Whan the sonne synth make hey. whiche is to saie,  
Take tyme whan tyme comth, lest tyme stele awaie.  
And one good lesson to this purpose I pyke  
from the smiths forge, whan thyron is hote stryke.  
The sure sea man seeth, the tyde tarieth no man.  
And longe delaies or absence somewhat to skan.  
Sens that that one wyll not an other wyll,  
Delays in wooers must nedes theyr spede spyll.  
And touchyng absence, the full accompt who somthe  
shall se, as faste as one gothe an nother comthe.  
Tyme is tyckell. and out of syght out of mynde.  
Than catche & hold while I may. fast bind fast fynde.  
Blame me not to haste, for feare myne eie be blerde.  
And therby the fat cleane flyt fro my berde.  
where wooers hoppe in & out, long tyme may byyng  
Hym that hoppeth best, at last to haue the ryng.  
I hopping without, for a ryng of a rushe,  
And whyle I at length debate and beate the bushe,  
There shall steppe in other men, & catche the burdes.  
And by longe tyme lost in many vayne wordes  
Betwene these two wiuis, make slouth spede confound  
While betwene two stoles, my taile go to grounde.

By

**The first parte.**

By this, sens we se slouth muste bryde a skab,  
Best stricke to the tone out of hande, hab oꝝ nab.  
Thus all your pꝛouerbs inuehyng agaynst haste,  
Be answerd with pꝛouerbs plaine & promptly plaste.  
Wherby, to purpose all this no further fits,  
But to shew, so many hedds so many wits.  
Whiche shewe as surely in all that they all tell,  
That in my weddyng I may euen as well  
Cary to longe, and therby come to late,  
As come to soone by haste in any rate.  
And pꝛoue this pꝛouerbe, as the words thereof go,  
Haste oꝝ slouth herein worke nother welth noꝝ wo.  
Be it far oꝝ ny, weddyng is desteny,  
And hangyng lykewise, sayth that pꝛouerbe, sayd I.  
Than wed oꝝ hang (quoth he) what helpth in þe whole  
To haste oꝝ hang a loofe, happy man, happy dole.  
Ye deale this dole (quoth I) out at a wrong dur:  
foꝝ desteny in this case doth not so stur  
Agaynst mans indeuour, but man may direct  
His will, foꝝe pꝛouision to worke oꝝ neglect.  
But to shew þe quick wedding may bryng good spede  
Somwhat to purpose, your pꝛouerbs pꝛoue in dede.  
Howbeit, whether they counterpayse oꝝ out way  
The pꝛouerbes, whiche I befoꝝe them dyd lay,  
The triall therof we wyll lay a water,  
Tyll we trie moꝝe. foꝝ trying of whiche mater  
Declare all commoditees ye can deuysle,  
That by those two weddyngs to you can ryse.

**The**



The fyrst parte.

The fourth chapter.

I will (quoth he) in bothe these cases streight shew,  
What things as (I think) to me by them wil grow.  
And where my loue began there begyn will I.  
With this mayde, the peere peerelesse in myn eie,  
Whom I so sauiour, and she so sauiourth me,  
That halfe a death to vs a sonder to be.  
Affection eche to other dothe vs so moue,  
That well ny without foode we coulde liue by loue.  
For be I right sad, or right sicke, from her syght,  
Her ptesence absenteth all maladies quyght.  
Whiche seen, and that the great ground in mariage  
Standeth vpon lykynge the parties personage,  
And than of olde prouerbs in openyng the packe,  
One sheweth me openly in loue is no lacke.  
No lacke of lykynge, but lacke of luyng,  
Maie lacke in loue (quoth I) and brede yll cheupng.  
Well as to that (saied he) harken this o thyng,  
What tyme I lacke not her, I lacke nothyng.  
But though we haue nought) noz nought we ca geat  
God neuer sendeth mouthe, but he sendeth meat.  
And a harde begynnynge maketh a good endyng.  
In space comth grace, and this further amendyng.  
Seldom comth the better, and lyke will to like.  
God sendeth colde after clothes. And this I pike.  
She, by lacke of substance semyng but a sparke,  
Stepneth yet the stoutest. For a leg of a lacke  
Is better than is the body of a kyght.  
And home is homely, though it be pooze in syght.  
These prouerbs for this parte shew such a flourishe,  
And then this partie dothe delite so nourishe,

B

That

The fyft parte.

That much is my bow bent to shoote at these mark's,  
And kyl feare. when the sky saith we shal haue lack's.  
All perils that fall may, who feareth they fall shall,  
Shall so feare all thyng, that he shall let fall all,  
And be more frayd thā hurt, if the thyngs wer doone.  
feare may force a man to cast beyonde the moone.  
who hopeth in gods helpe, his helpe can not sterre.  
nothyng is impossible to a willyng herte.  
And will may wyn my herte, herein to consent,  
To take all thyng as it comthe, and be content.  
And here is (quoth he) in marryng of this mayde,  
foz courage and commoditie all myne ayde.  
well saied (saied I) but a while kepe we in quenche  
All this case, as touchyng this pooze pong wenche.  
And now declare your whole consideration,  
what maner thyngs draw your imaginacion,  
Toward your weddyng of this widow ryche & olde.  
That shall ye (quoth he) out of hande haue tolde.

The fyfte chapter.

**T**his wydowe beyng soule, and of fauour yll,  
In good behauour can verate good skyl.  
Pleasauntly spoken, and a verate good wyt,  
And at her table, whan we together syt,  
I am well serued, we fare of the best.  
The meate good and holsome, and holsomly drest.  
Swete and softe lodgyng, and thereof great shyft.  
This felte and sene, with all implementes of thryft,  
Of plate and money suche cupbord's and cofers,  
And that without payne I may wyn these proffers,  
Than



**The first parte.**

Than couetysle bearyng Venus bargayn backe,  
Praising this bargain, saith, better leaue than lacke.  
And greedynesse, to drawe desire to this loze,  
Saieth, that the wise man saieth, stoze is no loze.  
Who hath many pease maie put the mo in the pot.  
Of two yls, chole the least while choyse lyth in lot.  
Sens lacke is an yll, as yll as man may haue,  
To prouide for the worst, while the best it selfe saue.  
Best welth wylth me this wydow to wyn,  
To let the worlde wag, & take myne ease in myne yn.  
He must nedes swyn, that is holde vp by the chyn.  
He laughth that wynt. And this threde finer to spyn,  
Maister promocion saieth, make this substance sure,  
If ryches byng ones portly countenaunce in bre,  
Than walt thou rule the rolt all rounde about.  
And better to rule, than be ruled by the rout.  
It is saied: be it better be it wurs,  
Doo ye after hym that beareth the purs.  
Thus be I by this, ones le senioz de graunde,  
Many that commaunded me, I shall commaunde.  
And also I shall to reuenge former hurts,  
Hold their noses to grinstone, and sit on their skurts,  
That erst sat on myne. And ryches may make  
frendes many ways. Thus better to gyue than take.  
And to make carnall appetite content  
Reason laboꝛeth wyl to wyn wyls consent,  
To take lacke of beautie but as an eye soze.  
The faire and the foule, by dathe are lyke stoze.  
As this pꝛouerbe saieth, for quenchyng hot desyre,  
foule water as soone as fayre, wyl quenche hot fire.

**B u**

**where**

where gyfts be gyuen freely, eft west north oꝛ south,  
No man ought to loke a geuen hors in the mouth.  
 And though hir mouth be foule, She hath a faire taile,  
 I constre this text, as is moſte myne auaille.  
 In want of white teeth and yelow heares to behold,  
 She flouriſheth in white ſyluer and yelow gold.  
 What though ſhe be toothleſſe and balde as a cooteꝛ  
Hir ſubſtance is ſhootanker, wherat I ſhoote.  
Take a peyne foꝛ a pleaſure all wiſe men can.  
What hungry doggs will eat durtie puddynge man.  
 And here I conclude (quoth he) all that I knowe  
 By this olde wydow, what good to me may grow.

## The ſixt chapter.

**Y**e haue (quoth I) in theſe concluſions founde  
 Sundꝛy thyngs, that verarie ſauerly ſounde.  
 And bothe theſe long caſes, being well bewde  
 In one ſhort queſtion, we maie well incleude  
 Whiche is, whether beſt oꝛ wuſt be to be ledde  
 With ryches, without loue oꝛ beautie, to wedde:  
 Oꝛ with beautee without rycheſſe foꝛ loue.  
 This queſtion (quoth he) inquerth all that I moue.  
 It doth ſo (ſayd I) and is nerely couched.  
 But thanſwere wil not ſo bꝛeuely be touched.  
 And your ſelfe, to length it, taketh direct trade,  
 Foꝛ to all reaſons, that I haue yet made,  
 Ye ſeme moꝛe to ſeke reaſons howe to contende,  
 Than to the counſell of myne to condiſcende.  
 And to be playne, as I muſt with my freende,  
I perfitly feele euen at my ſyngers ende.

So



The fyrst parte.

So hard is your hand set on your halpeny :  
That my reasonyng your reason setteth nought by.  
But reason for reason, ye so styffely ley  
By pꝛouerbe for pꝛouerbe, that with you do wey,  
That reason onely shall herein nought moue you  
To here more than speake. wherfore I wil pꝛoue you  
With reason, assisted by experience.  
Whiche my selfe sawe, not long sens nor far hence.  
In a matter so like this fashond in frame,  
That none can be liker, it semthe euen the same.  
And in the same, as your selfe shall espy  
Eche sentence soothed with a pꝛouerbe. welny,  
And at ende of the same, ye shall cleerely see  
Howe this short question shortly answerd maie bee.  
Ye may (quoth he) now ye shoothe by the prycke,  
Pꝛactise in all, aboue all toucheth the quicke.  
Pꝛose vpon pꝛactise, must take holde more sure,  
Than any reasonyng by gesse can procure.  
If ye byyng pꝛactise in place, without fablyng,  
I will banishe bothe haste and busy bablyng.  
And yet that pꝛomise to perfoꝛme is mickell.  
For in this case my tong must oft tickell.  
Ye knowe well it is, as telth vs this olde tale,  
Meete, that a man be at his owne bydale.  
If he wyue well (quoth I) meete and good it were,  
Or els as good for hym an other were there.  
But for this your bydale I meane not in it,  
That silence shall suspend your speche euery whit,  
But in these mariages, whiche ye here meue,  
Sens this tale conteynth the counsell I can geue,

The first parte.

I wold se your eares attende with your tong,  
For aduise in bothe these weddyngs olde and yong.  
In whiche heryng, tyme seene when & what to talke,  
When your tong tyckleth, at will let it walke.  
And in these bydales, to the reasons of ours,  
Marke myne experyence in this case of yours.

The. vii. chapter.

Within few yeres past, from Lodon no far waie,  
Where I & my wife, to our pooze household laie,  
Two yong men were abydyng, whom to discriue  
were I, in portraying persons dead or alieue,  
As counnyng and as quicke, to touche them at full,  
As in that feate I am ignozant and dull,  
Neuer coulde I paynte, their pictures to allow,  
More lyuely, than to paynt the picture of yow.  
And as your thre persons shew one similitewd,  
So shew your thre one, in all thyngs to be bewd.  
Lyke wise a widowe and a mayd there did dwell,  
I lyke lyke the wydow and mayde ye of tell.  
The frends of them foure in euery degree,  
Standyng in state as the frendes of you thre.  
Those two men, eche other so hasted or taried,  
That those two women on one daie they inaried.  
Into two houses, whiche next my house dyd stande,  
The one on the right, thother on the left hande.  
Both bydegromes bad me, I coulde do none other,  
But dyne with the one, and sup with the tother.  
He that wedded this widow riche and olde,  
And also he, fauoured me so, that they wolde

Make



The fyrst parte.

Make me dine oꝝ sup ones oꝝ twise in a weke.  
This pooze yong man and his make beyng to seke  
As oft, where they might eate oꝝ drinke, I them bad,  
Were I at home, to suche pittaunce as I had.  
Whiche comen conference suche confidence wrought  
In them to me, that dede, woꝛde, ne welny thought  
Chaunced among them, what euer it weare,  
But one of the foure brought it streight to myn care.  
Wherby betwene these twayne, and their two wiues,  
Bothe foꝝ welthe and wo, I knew al theyꝝ four liues.  
And sens the matter is muche intricate,  
Betwene syde and syde, I shall here separate  
All matters on bothe sydes, and than sequesterate,  
Thone syde, while thother be full reherste, in rate,  
As foꝝ your vnderstandyng maie best stande.  
And this yong pooze couple shal come fyrst in hande.  
Who, the daie of weddyng and after, a while,  
Could not loke eche on other, but they inust smile.  
As a whelpe foꝝ wantonnes in and out whippys,  
So plaid these twayne, as mery as thze chipps.  
Ye there was god (quoth he) whan all is doone.  
I byde (quoth I) it was yet but hony moone.  
The blacke ore had not trode on his noꝝ her foote.  
But er this bꝛanche of blys coulde reache any roote,  
The floures so faded, that in fiftene weekes,  
I man myght espie the chaunge in the checkes.  
Both of this poze wretch, & his wife this poze wenche.  
Their faces told toies, & Cotnam was turnd frenche  
And all their light laughyng turnd and translated  
Into sad spghyng, all myꝝth was amated.

And

The first parte.

And one moynynge tymely he tooke in hande,  
To make to my house, a seuelesse errande.  
Haukyng vpon me, his mynde herein to breake.  
Whiche I would not see, tyll he began to speake.  
Praying me to here hym. And I saied, I wolde.  
Wherwith this that foloweth forthwith he tolde.

The. viii. chapter.

I Am now dyuen (quoth he) for ease of my herte,  
To you, to vtter part of myne inward smerte.  
And the matter concerneth my wife and me.  
Whose fathers and mothers long sens dead be.  
But vncles, with aunes and colyns, haue wee  
Diuers riche on bothe sides, so that we dyd see,  
If we had wedded, eche, where eche kynred wolde,  
Neither of vs had lackt, either siluer or golde.  
But neuer coulde suite, on either syde obtayne  
One peny, to the one wedding of vs twayne.  
And sens our one matyng or marryng daie,  
Where any of them se vs, they shynke a waie,  
Solemnly swearyng, suche as maie geue ought,  
While they & we lyue, of them we get right nought.  
No: nought haue we, no: no waie ought can we get,  
Saying by borrowyng, tyll we be in det  
So far, that no man any moze will vs lende.  
Wherby, for lacke we bothe be at our witts ende,  
Wherof no wonder, sens the ende of our good,  
And begynnynge of our charge, to gither stood.  
But wyt is neuer good tyll it be bought.  
Howbeit whan bought wits to best prync be brought:  
Yet



The fyfte parte.

Yet is one goodd fo: ewyt worth two after witts.  
This payth me home lo, and full my solp hpts.  
fo: had I lookt afoze, with indifferent eye,  
Though haste had made my thurst neuer so drye:  
Yet to drowne this drougt, this must I nedes thynk,  
As I wolde nedes bzeue, so must I nedes drynk.  
The drynke of my bzyde cup I shulde haue fo: bozne,  
Tyll temperance had tempred the taste befozne,  
I se nowe, and shall see whyle I am alque,  
who wedth o: he be wise, shall dye et he thypue.  
He that will selle lawne, et he can folde it,  
He shall repent hym et he haue solde it.  
I reckned my weddyng a suger sweete spice,  
But reckners without their host must reckon twice.  
And all though it were sweete fo: a weeke o: twayne,  
Swete meate wil haue sowre sauce, I se now playne.  
Continuall penurie, whych I must take,  
Telth me, better eye out than alwaie ake.  
Boldly and blyndly I ventred on this,  
How be it, who so bolde as blynde bayard is:  
And herein to blame any man, than shulde I raue.  
fo: I dyd it my selfe: and selfe do, selfe haue.  
But a daie after the saye, comth this remors,  
fo: relese: fo: though it be a good hoys  
That neuer stumbleth, what praisse can that auouche  
To iades, þ bzeke their necks at first trypp o: touche.  
And befoze this my first soile o: breakneck fall,  
Subtilly lyke a shepe thought I, I shall  
Cut my cote after my cloth, when I haue her.  
But now I can synell, nothyng hath no sauer.

C

I am

The fyfte parte.

I am taught to know, in moze haste thā good speede,  
How iudicare came into the Creede.

My carefull wife in one corner wepeth in care,  
And I in an other, the purse is threde bare.  
This corner of our care (quoth he) I you tell,  
To craue therein your comfortable counsell.

The nynte chapter.

I Am sozr (quoth I) of your pouertee,  
And moze sozr that I can nat succour ye.  
If ye stur your nede myne almesse to stur,  
Than of trouthe ye beg at a wrong mans dur.  
There is nothyng moze bayne, as your selfe tell can,  
Than to beg a brecche of a bare arst man.  
I come to beg nothyng of you, quoth he,  
Haue your aduise, whiche maie my best wate be.  
How to wyn present salue, for this present soze.  
I am like thyll surgeon (saied I) without floze  
Of good plasters. Howbeit suche as they are,  
Ye shall haue the best I haue. But first declare,  
Where your & your wiues riche kynsgolke do dwell.  
Enurrouned about vs (quoth he) which we with well,  
The nere to the churche, the ferther from god.  
Most parte of them dwell within a thousand rod.  
And yet shall we catche a hare with a taber,  
As soone as catche ought of them, and rather.  
Ye plaie colep:ophet (quoth I) who takth in hande,  
To knowe his answer befoze he doo his errande.  
What shulde I to them (quoth he) flyng or flyt,  
An vnbidden geast knoweth not where to syt.

Shame



**The fyfte parte.**

**S**hame draweth me backe, beyng thus forsaken.  
**T**he man (quoth I) **S**hame is as it is taken.  
**A**nd **S**hame take him & **S**hame thinketh, ye thinke none.  
**U**nmynded, vnmoned, go make your mone.  
**W**ell (quoth he) if I shall nede this viage make,  
with as good will as a beare goth to the stake,  
I will streight waie anker and hoise by saile.  
And thitherward hie me in haste like a snail,  
And home agayne hitherward quicke as a bee.  
**N**owe for good lucke, cast an olde shoe after mee.  
And fyrt to myne vncle, brother to my father.  
By suite, I will assaie to wyn some sauer.  
Who brought me by, and tll my wedding was don  
Loued me, not as his nephew, but as his son.  
And his heyre had I been, had not this chaunced,  
Of ladies & gooddes, which shuld me much auanced.  
**T**rudge (quoth I) to hym, and on your marybones,  
Crouche to the grounde, and not so ofte as ones,  
Speake any one worde hym to contrary.  
I can not tell that (quoth he) by seynt Mary.  
I knowe not howe I shall be pryncht to speake.  
Well (quoth I) better is to bowe than breake.  
Sens ye can nought wyn, yf ye can not please,  
Best is to suffer. For of suffrance comth ease.  
Cause causeth (quoth he) and as cause causeth me,  
So will I doo. And with this awaie went he.  
Yet whether his wyfe should go with hym or no,  
He sent hir to me to knowe er he wolde go.  
Wherto I saied, I thought best he went alone.  
And you (quoth I) to go streight as he is gone,

The fyrste parte.

Among your kynsfolke likewise, if they dwell ny.  
Yes (quoth she) all round about euen here by.  
Namely an aunte, my mothers syster, who well  
(Sens my mother died) brought me vp fro the shell.  
And much wold haue giue me, had mi weddig grown  
Upon hir fanly, as it grewe vpon myne own.  
And in likewise myne vncler husband, was  
A father to me. Well (quoth I) let pas.  
And if your husband will his assent graunte,  
Go, he to his vncler, and you to your aunte.  
Yes this assent he graunteth befoze (quoth she)  
For he o: this thought this the best waie to be.  
But of these two thynges he wolde determyne none  
Without aide. For two hedds are better than one.  
With this we departed, she to her husband,  
And I to dyner to them on thother hande.

The tenth chapter.

When dyner was doon, I cam home agayne,  
To attende on the retorne of these twayne.  
And er thzee houres to ende were fully tryde,  
Home came she fyrst, welcom (quoth I) and wel hyde.  
Ye a shorte horse is soone corryd (quoth shee)  
But the weaker hath the worse we all daie see.  
After our last partynge, my husband and I  
Departed, eche to place agreed formerly.  
Myne vncler and aunte on me dyd loure and glome.  
Bothe bad me god spede, but none bad me welcome.  
Their folkes glomd on me to, by whiche it appereth,  
The yong cocke croweth, as he the olde hereth.



The fyrste parte.

At dyner they were, and made (foz maners sake)  
A kynswoman of ours, me to table take.  
A false flattryng fylch, and if that be good,  
None better to beare two faces in a hood.  
She speaketh as she wolde crepe into your bosome,  
And whan the meale mouth hath won the bottome  
Of your stomake, than will the pikthanke it tell  
To your mooste enmies, you to bie and sell.  
There is no moe suche tytifils in Englands grounde,  
To holde with the hare, and run with the hounde.  
Fyre in the one hande, and water in the tother,  
The makebate bereth betwene bzoother and bzoother.  
She can wynde on the yew, and wepe the lam,  
She maketh earnest matters of euery flymflam.  
She must haue an oze in euery mans barge.  
And no man chat ought in ought of her charge.  
Colle vnder canstryk she can plate on both hands,  
Dissemblacion well she vnderstands.  
She is lost with an appull, and wooon with a nut.  
Her tong is no edge toole, but yet it will cut.  
Hir chekes are purple ruddy like a horse plumme.  
And the bygge part of hir body is hir bumme.  
But littell tit all taylor, I haue herde et this,  
As high as two horseloues hir persone is.  
Foz priuy nypps oze casts ouerthwart the shyns,  
He shall lese the maystry that with her begyns,  
She is, to turne loue to hate, oze ioye to grese  
A paterne, as mete as a rope for a these.  
Hir promise of frendshyp, for any auayle,  
Is as sure to holde, as an eeble by the tayle.

The fyrste parte.

Among your kynsfolke likewise, if they dwell ny.  
Yes (quoth He) all round about even here by.  
Namely an aunte, my mothers syster, who well  
(Whens my mother died) brought me by fro the shell.  
And much wold haue giue me, had mi weddig grown  
Vpon hir fanly, as it grewe vpon myne own.  
And in likewise myne vnkle her husband, was  
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And if your hus band will his assent graunte,  
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To your moste enmies, you to bie and sell.  
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As high as two horseloues hir persone is.  
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Her promise of frendshipp, for any auaple,  
Is as sure to holde, as an eele by the taylor.

C iii

She

The fyrst parte.

She is nother fishe noz fleche noz good red hearpyng.  
She maie doo muche there, and I therby fearpyng  
She wolde spit her venym, thought it not euill  
To set by a candell befoze the deuyl.  
I clawd her by the backe in waie of a charme,  
To do me, not the moze good, but the lesse harme.  
All that dyner tyme we sytting to gether,  
Above all, with her I made saye wether.  
Praying her in her eare, on my syde to holde,  
She therto swearyng by her falle faith, she wolde.  
Streight after dyner myne aunte had no choyce,  
But other burst, o: burst out in pplats voyce.  
Ye huswife, what wind blowth ye hyther thus right:  
Ye might haue knoht o: ye came in, leaue is lyght.  
Better vnborne then vntaught, I haue herde saie,  
But ye be better fed than taught far awaie.  
Not veraie fat fed, saied this flebergebet,  
But nede hath no lawe, nede maketh her hither iet.  
She comth nere Ales (quoth she) for that is her name  
Moze for nede, then for kyndnes, payne of shame.  
Howbeit she can not lacke, for he fyndth that seekes,  
Louers lyue by loue, ye as lacks lyue by leekes.  
Saied this Ales, muche moze than half in mockage,  
Tushe (quoth myne aunte) these louers in dotage  
Think the ground beares them not, but wed of co:age  
They must in all haste, though a lease of bo:age  
Myght bye all the substaunce that they can sell.  
Well aunc (quoth Ales) all is well that ends well.  
Ye Ales, of a good begynnyng comth a good ende,  
Not so good to bo:ow, as be able to lende.

flap



**The fyfte parte.**

Ray in dede aunt (quoth she) it is sure so,  
She must nedes grāt, she hath wrought hir own wo.  
She thought Alas, she had sene far in a mylstone,  
whan she gat a husband, and namely such one,  
As they by weddyng coulde not onely nought wyn,  
But lose both lypynge and loue of all they? kyn.  
Good aunt (quoth I) humbly I beseeche ye,  
My trespase done to you forgyue it me.  
I know & knowlage, I haue wrought myn own petn  
But things past my hāds, I can not call agein.  
True (quoth Alas) things done, can not be vndoone,  
Be they done in due tyme, to late, or to soone.  
But better late then neuer to repent this.  
To late (quoth myne aunt) this repentance shewd is.  
whan the stede is stolne, but the stable durre.  
I tooke her for a rose, but she breedeth a burre.  
She comth to stycke to me now in her lacke,  
Rather to rent of my clothes fro my backe.  
Then to doo me onc ferthyng wurth of good.  
I see date at this little hole. For this hood  
Shewth what fruit wil folow. In good faith I saide  
In waite of petition I sue for your aide.  
I well (quoth she) now I well vnderstande  
The walking staffe hath caught warmth in your hād  
I cleane syngerd huswffe and an ydel, folke saie,  
And will be lyme syngerd I feare by my fate.  
It is as tender as a persons lemmyn.  
Nought can she doo, and what can she haue than?  
She maie not beare a fether, but she must brythe,  
She maketh so much of her paynted shethe.

She

The fyrst parte.

She thynkth her ferthyng good siluer I tell you.  
But for a ferthyng who euer dyd sell you  
Myght best you to be better solde than bought.  
And yet thogh she be worth nought, nor haue nought  
Her gowne is gayer and better than myne.  
At her gaye gowne (quoth Ales) ye maie reppne.  
Howe be it as we maie we loue to go gaye all.  
Well well (quoth myne aunce) pride will haue a fall.  
For pride goeth before, and shame cometh after.  
Sure (saied Ales) in maner of mockyng laughter,  
There is nothyng in this worlde that agreeth wurs,  
Than dothe a ladies hert, and a beggers purs.  
But pride she shewth none, her looke reason alowth.  
She lookth as butter wolde not melt in her mouth.  
Well the stylle loweats by all the drafte Ales.  
All is not golde that glistreth by olde tolde tales.  
In youth she was towarde and without euill,  
But soone ripe sone rotten, yong seynt olde deuill.  
How be it lo god sendh the threwd cow thort hoznes.  
While she was in this house she sat vpon thoznes.  
Eche one daie was thre, tyll libertee was bozow  
For one months tye to byng her holle lyues sozow.  
It were pitee (quoth Ales) she shulde myscrep.  
For she is growne a goodly damsell mary.  
All weed growth fast Ales. wherby the cozne is lozne.  
For surely the weed ogeth groweth the cozne.  
If I maie (as they saie) tell trouthe without syn,  
Of trouthe she is a wolfe in a lambes skyn.  
Her herte is full hre, whan her eie is full lowe.  
A geast as good lost as founde, for all this howe.

But



**The first parte.**

**B**ut many a good cowe hath an euill calfe.  
**I** speake this doughter in thy mothers behalfe.  
**M**y syster (god rest her soule) whom though **I** best,  
was cald the floure of honestee in this coste.  
**A**unt (quoth **I**) **I** take for father and mother  
**M**yne vncle and you aboue all other.  
**W**hen we wold, ye wold not be our chyld (quoth she.)  
**W**herfore now whan ye wold, now will not we.  
**S**eng thou woldst nedes cast awaie thy selfe thus,  
**T**hou shalte sure synke in thyne owne syn for vs.  
**T**hou arte in dede bozne verate ny of my stocke,  
**A**nd ny is my kyttell, but nere is my smocke.  
**I** haue one of myne owne, whom **I** must loke to.  
**Y**e aunte (quoth **A**les) that thyng must ye nedes do.  
**N**ature compellth you to set your owne fyrst by.  
**F**or **I** haue heard saie, it is a deere colup,  
**T**hat is cut out of thowne fleshe. But yet aunte,  
**S**o smal maie hir request be, that ye maie graunt  
**T**o satisfie the same, whiche maie doo her good,  
**A**nd you no harime in thauancyng your owne blood.  
**A**nd cosyn (quoth she to me) what ye wold craue,  
**D**ecare, that our aut may know what ye wold haue.  
**N**ay (quoth **I**) be they wyuners or losers,  
**F**olke say alwaie, beggers shulde be no choosers.  
**W**ith thanks **I** shal take what euer myn aunt please,  
**W**here nothyng is, a little thyng doth ease.  
**A**nd by this prouerbe appereth this o thyng,  
**T**hat alwaie somewhat is better than nothyng.  
**H**old fast whan ye haue it (quoth she) by my lyfe.  
**T**he boy thy hus bande, and thou the gyll his wyfe,  
**D** **S**hall

The first parte.

Shall not consume that I haue laboured foze.  
Thou art yong enough, and I can worke no moze.  
But calot my cosyn sawe this thus far on  
And in myne aunts eare she whispreth anon  
Roundly these wordes, to make this matter whole.  
Aunt, leat thein that be a colde blowe at the cole.  
They shall foze me Wles (quoth she) by gods blyst.  
She and I haue shaken handes. farewell vnkyst.  
And thus with a becke as good as a dieu gard,  
She sang fro me, and I from her hitherward.  
Beggyng of her booteth not the worth of a beane,  
Little knoweth the fat sow, what the lean doth meane.  
Forsoth (quoth I) ye haue bestyd ye well.  
But where was your vncle while all this fray sell?  
I sleepe by (quoth she) routyng like a hog.  
And it is euill wakyng of a slepyng dog.  
The bitche and her whelp might haue been a sleep to.  
For ought they in wakyng to me would do.  
Fare ye well (quoth she) I will now home strepte.  
And at my husbands hands foze better news wepte.

The leuenth chapter.

HE came home to me the next daie befoze noone.  
What tidings now (quoth I) how haue ye doone?  
Upon our departyng (quoth he) yesterdaie  
Toward myn vncles, somewhat moze than mydway,  
I ouertoke a man, a seruaunt of his,  
And a frende of myne. who gessed streight with this,  
What myne errand was, offeryng in the same,  
To do his best foze me, and so in gods name.

Thi:



The fyrst parte.

Thyther we went, no body beyng within,  
But myne vncle, myne aunte, and one of our kyn.  
I madde knaue, as it were a raplyng gester,  
Not a moze gagglyng gander henle to Chester.  
At syght of me he asked, who haue we there?  
I haue seen this gentylman, yf I wylt where.  
Howe be it lo, seldome sene, soone forgotten.  
He was (as he will be) somewhat cup(hotten.  
Sixe daies in a weeke, beside the market daie,  
Walt is aboue wheate with hym, market men saie.  
But for as muche as I sawe, the same taunt  
Contented well myne vncle and myne aunt,  
And that I came to fall in, and not fall out,  
I forbare. or els his dyonken red snout  
I wold haue made as oft chaunge from hew to hew,  
As doth the cocks of Inde. for this is trew.  
It is a small hop on my thomb. And Christ wot,  
It is wood at a woozde. little pot soone whot.  
Now mery as a cricket, and by and by,  
Angry as a waspe, though in bothe no cause why.  
But he was at home there, he myght speake his will.  
Euery cocke is proude on his owne dunghill.  
I shall be euen with hym herein whan I can.  
But he haupng done, thus myne vncle began.  
Ye marchant, what attempth you, to attempt vs,  
To come on vs befoze the messanger thus.  
Kompyng in and out, I here tell how ye tolle.  
But sonne, the rolling stone neuer gatherth mosse.  
Lyke a pickpurs pilgrym, ye prie and ye proule  
It rousers, to robbe Peter and paie Poule.

The first parte.

I wys I knowe, er any moze be tolde,  
That draff is your errand, but drynke ye wolde.  
Uncle (quoth I) of the cause, for whiche I com,  
I pray you patiently here the hole som.  
In feyth (quoth he) without any moze sūmynge  
I know to beg of me is thy cūmynge.  
For sooth (quoth his man) it is so in deede.  
And I dare boldly boost, yf ye knew his neede,  
ye wold of pytee yet set hym in some step.  
Sonne, better be enuied then pittied, folke sey.  
And for his cause of pitee (had he had grace)  
He myght this daie haue been clere out of the case.  
But now he hath well fished and caught a frog.  
Where nought is to wed with, wise men flee the clog.  
Where I (quoth I) dyd not as ye wold or bad,  
That repent I oft, and as oft wyshe I had.  
Sonne (quoth he) as I haue herde of myn olders,  
wifhers and wolders be no good householders.  
This prouerbe for a lesson, with suche other,  
Not lyke (as who seyth) the sonne of my brother,  
But lyke myne owne sonne, I ofte before shewd the,  
To cast her quyte of, but it wolde not be.  
Whan I wold the any other where to go,  
Tulke, there were no mo maydens but malkyn tho.  
Ye had been lost to lacke your lust, whan ye lyst,  
By two miles trudgynge twise a weke to be kyst.  
I would ye had kyst, well I will no moze sturre,  
It is good to haue a hatche before the durre.  
But how is my saying come to passe now?  
How oft dyd I prophecie this betwene you,

And



9

The fyrst parte.

And your grynnyfinee nycebycetur,  
Whan swete sugar shulde turne to soure salt petur &  
Wherby ye shulde in seying, that ye neuer sawe.  
Thynke that you neuer thought, your selfe a dawbe.  
But that tyme ye thought me a dawbe. so that I  
Dyd no good in all my wordes than, saue onely  
Approued this prouerbe playn and true mater,  
I man may well byyng a horse to the water.  
But he can not make hym drynke without he will.  
Colts (quoth his man) may proue wel, with tatchis yl  
foz of a ragged colt there comthe a good horse.  
If he be good now, of his yll past no forse.  
well he that hangth hym selfe a sondaie (saied he)  
Shall hang still vncut downe a mondaie foz me.  
I haue hangd vp my hatchet, god spede hym well.  
I wonder thyng what thyngs thele old thyngs tell.  
Cat after kynd good mouse hunt. And also  
Men sey, kynde wyl crepe where it can not go.  
These sentences to the I maie assyue  
By thy father, the said brother of myne.  
Thou folowist his stepps as ryght as a lyne.  
foz when prouander pyckt him a lytle tyme,  
He dyd as thou didst. One, on whom he dyd dote,  
He wedded in haste, with whome he had no grote.  
And she as lytle with hym. wherby at last  
They bothe went a beggynng. And euen the like caste  
Haste thou. thou wilt beg o: steale, o: thou die,  
Take hede frende, I haue sene as far come as nic.  
If ye seke to fynde thynges er they be lost,  
Ye shall fynde one daie you come to your cost.

D iii

This

3

The fyrst parte.

This doo I but repete, for this I tolde the,  
And more I say. but I coulde not than holde the.  
For wyll not holde the now: nor suche foly feele,  
To set at my herte, that thou settest at thy heele.  
And as of my good, er I one grote gyue,  
I wyll se how my wyfe, and my selfe shall lyue.  
Shall I make the laugh now, & my selfe wepe then?  
Nay good childe, better children wepe than old men.  
It is harde to wiue and thriue both in a yere.  
But by the wyuyng, thryuyng doth so appere,  
That thou art past thyrft, before thyrste begyn.  
But lo, will will haue will, though will wo wyn.  
Will is a good sonne, and will is a shrewde boy.  
And wilfull shrewde will hath wrought the this toy.  
A gentill white spurte, and at nede a sure speare.  
He standeth now as he had a flea in his eare.  
How be it for any great courtesy he doth make,  
It semeth the gentyll man hath eaten a stake.  
He beareth a dagger in his sleue, truste me,  
To kyll all that he meteth, prouder than he.  
Sir (quoth his man) he will no faute defende,  
But harde is for any man all fautes to mende.  
He is lyueles, that is fautles, olde folkes thought,  
He hath (quoth he) but one faute, he is nought.  
Helpe hym sy (quoth his man) sens ye easily maie.  
Two fals knaues nede no broker (quoth he) me saie,  
The one knaue now crouchith, while thother crauith  
But to shewe what shall be his releuauith,  
Either after my deathe, yf my will be kept,  
Or duryng my lyfe, had I this halle hept



The fyrst parte.

With golde, he maie his parte on good fryday eate,  
And fast neuer the wurs, for ought he shall geate.  
Nowe here is the doore, and there is the wey,  
And so (quoth he) farewell gentill Bettey.  
Thus parted I from hym, beyng muche dismaied,  
Whiche his man saw, and (to comfort me) saied.  
What man, plucke by your herte, be of good chere,  
After clouds blacke, we shall haue wether clere,  
What shuld your face thus agayn the woll be shorne  
For one fall: what mā al this wynd shakes no corne,  
Let this wynde ouerblow, a tyme I will spy,  
To take wynde and tyde with me, and speede thereby,  
I thanke you (quoth I) but great boiste & smal roste,  
Maketh vnfanery mouthes, where euer men oste.  
And this boiste beraie vnfaourly serueth,  
For while the grasse groweth, the horse sturgeth,  
Better one byrde in hande than ten in the wood,  
Rome was not bult on a daie (quoth he) & yet stood  
Tyll it was synysht, as some saie, full fayre.  
Your hert is in your hols all in dyspayre.  
But as euery man saith, a dog hath a daie,  
Shuld you a man, dyspayre than any daie & nap.  
Ye haue many stryngs to the bowe, for ye know,  
Though I, haupng the bent of your vnclis bow,  
Can no waie byng your bolt in the butteto stande,  
Yet haue ye other marks to roue at, at hande.  
The kays hang not all by one mans girdill man.  
Though nought wilbe woon here, I sey, yet ye can  
Taste other kynsmen, of whom ye maie geat,  
Here some and there some, many small make a great.

The first parte.

For come lyght wyppynge with blessinges or curses,  
Euermore light gaynes make heuy purses.  
Children lerne to crepe er they can lerne to go.  
And little and little, ye must lerne euen so.  
Thowe no gyft agayne at the giuers head,  
For better is halfe a lose then no bread.  
I maie beg my bread (quoth I) for my kyn all,  
That dwelch ny, well, yet (quoth he) & the worst fall,  
Ye maie to your kynsman, hens nine or ten mile,  
Rich without charge, whom ye saw not of long while  
That bench whistler (quoth I) is a pinchepeny.  
As free of gyft, as a poore man of his eye.  
I shall get a fart of a dead man as soone,  
As a farthyng of hym, his dole is soone doone.  
He is so hye in thynstep, and so streight laste,  
That pryde and couetise withdrowth al repaste.  
Ye knowe what he hath been (quoth he) but pwis,  
Absence saith playnely, ye knowe not what he is.  
Men know (quoth I) I haue herde nowe and then,  
Howe the market gothe by the market men.  
Further it is saied, who that saying werth,  
It must nedes be true, that euery man seyth.  
Men saie also, childerne and fooles can not ly.  
And both man and chylde saith, he is a heynsby.  
And my selve knowth hym, I dare boldly brag,  
Euen as well as the begger knowth his bag.  
And I knew hym, not worth a good grey grote.  
He was at an ebbe, though he be nowe a flote,  
Poore as the poorest. And now nought he setteth  
By poore folke. For the parthe prieste forgetteth,  
That



The fyfte parte.

That euer he hath been holy water clerke,  
By ought I can now here, oꝛ euer coulde marke,  
Of no man hath he pitee, oꝛ compassion.  
well (quoth he) euery man after his fassion.  
He maie yet pitee you, foꝛ ought doth appere.  
It hapth in one houre, that hapth not in. but. yere.  
foꝛ speake not your fortune, noꝛ hyde not your nede.  
Noght better noght haue spare to speke spare to spede  
Unknowne vnkyst. it is lost that is vnought.  
As good seke nought (quoth I) as seke & find nought  
It is (quoth he) yll fyshyng befoze the net.  
But though we get litle, here bought and far set  
Are deinties foꝛ ladies. So we both too,  
I haue foꝛ my maister thereby to doo.  
I maie breake a dishe there, and sure I shall  
Set all at sixe and seven, to wyn some wyndfall.  
And I will hang the bell about the cats necke.  
foꝛ I will fyyst breake, and iobard the fyyst checke.  
And foꝛ to wyn this pꝛaie, though the cost be myne,  
Leat vs pꝛesent hym with a bottell of wyne.  
That were (quoth I) as muche almes oꝛ nede,  
As caste water in Theins. oꝛ as good a dede,  
As it is to helpe a dogge ouer a stile.  
Than go we (quoth he) we lese tyme all this while.  
To folowe his fany, we went together.  
And to ward nyght yesternight when we cam thither,  
She was within, but he was yet abode.  
And streight as she saue me, she swelde like a tode.  
Pattryng the diuels pater noster to her selfe.  
God neuer made a moꝛ croked crabbed else,

Ⓒ

The

The first parte.

She had hym welcome, but the woꝝs foꝝ me.  
This knaue comth a beggynge, by me thought she.  
I smelde hir out, and had her streight in the wynde.  
She maie abyde no beggers of any kynde.  
They be bothe greedy gutts. all giuen to get,  
They care not how. all is fysh that comth to net.  
They know no ende of theyꝝ good, noꝝ begynnynge  
Of any goodnesse. suche is wretched wyynyng.  
Hunger droppeth euen out of bothe theyꝝ noses.  
She gothe with broken shone and toꝝne holes.  
But who is wurs shod, than the shoemakers wyfe,  
with shoppes full of newe shapen shoes all her lyfe.  
Oꝝ who will doo lesse, than they that may doo mooste.  
And namely of hir I can no waie make booste.  
She is one of them, to whom god bad who.  
She will all haue, and will right nought foꝝgo.  
She will not part with the payng of hir nayles.  
She toyleth continually foꝝ auayles.  
whiche lyfe she hath so long now kept in bre,  
That foꝝ no lyfe she wolde make chaunge, be sure.  
But this lesson lernde I, er I was yeres seuen,  
They that be in hell, wene there is none other heuen.  
She is nothyng fayre, but she is yll sauourd.  
And no moꝝe byklenly, than byswete sauourd.  
But hakney men saie, at mangy hakneys byer  
A calde hoꝝs is good ynough foꝝ a scabde squier.  
He is a knuckylbonpard veraie meete  
To matche a mynion nother fayre noꝝ sweete.  
But a vengeable wpt, and all his delyte,  
To geue tauntes and checkes of most spitefull spite.  
In



**The fyrste parte.**

In that house commonly suche is the cast,  
A man shall as soone breake his neck as his fast.  
And yet nowe suche a gyd dyd her head take,  
That moze for my mates than for maner sake,  
we had bread and dypnke, and a chese very greate.  
But the greatestest crabs be not all the best meate,  
for her crabbed chese, with all the gretnesse,  
Myght well abyde the synnesse or swetnesse.  
Anon he cam in. and whan he vs saw,  
To my companyon kyndly he dyd draw.  
And a welgauourd welcom to hym he peelds,  
Byddyng me welcom straungely ouer the feelds.  
With these wordes. ah yong mā I know your mater,  
By my faith you come to loke in my water.  
And for my comfort to your consolacion,  
Ye would, by my purs, geue me a purgacion.  
But I am laxatiue ynough there otherwysse.  
This case (quoth this yonge man) contrary doth rise,  
for he is purs sycke. and lackth a phisicion.  
And hopeth vpon you in some condicion.  
Not by purgacion, but by restoratiue.  
To strength his weakenesse to kepe hym alpyue.  
I can not (quoth he) for though it be my lot  
To haue speculation, yet I practise not.  
I see muche, but I saie littell, and doo lesse.  
In this kynd of phisike. and what wolde ye gesse.  
Shall I consume my selfe, to restore hym nowe  
Nay, backare (quoth Mortymer to his sowe)  
He can before this tyme, no tyme assyne,  
In whiche he hath laied downe one peny by myne.

The tyfte parte.

That euer might either make me bite oꝝ sup.  
And byꝝ lady fréd. nought ley down nought take by.  
To put me to coste, thou canst halfe a scoꝝe myles.  
Out of thyne owne nest, seke me in these out ples.  
Where thou wilt not step ouer a strawe, I thynke,  
To wynn me the worth of one draught of dꝝynke.  
No more than I haue wonne of all thy holle stocke.  
I haue been common Iacke to all that hole flocke.  
Whan ought was to do, I was common hackney.  
Folke call on the hoꝝs that will cary alwey.  
But euermore the common hoꝝs is worste shod.  
Desert and reward be oft tynnes thyngs far od.  
At ende I myght put by wyunnyng in myne ipe,  
And see neuer the woꝝs. foꝝ ought I wan them by.  
And now without them, I lyue here at staues ende.  
Where I nede not boꝝow, noꝝ I will not lende.  
I pꝛaie you (quoth he) pitee me a pooꝝe man  
with somwhat, tyll I maie woꝝke as I can.  
Toward your woꝝk (quoth he) ye make such tastings  
As appꝛoue you to be none of the hastyns,  
Ye ren to woꝝke in halfe as nyne men helde ye.  
But whan so euer ye to woꝝke must yelde ye.  
If your meete mate and you meete together.  
Than shall we see two men beare a fether.  
Recompensyng foꝝmer loytryng lyfe loose,  
As did the pure penitent that stole a goose,  
And stak downe a fether. And where olde folke tell.  
That euill gotten good neuer pꝛoueth well,  
Ye will truely get. and true gettyng well kepe,  
Tyll tyme ye be as riche as a newe thorne shepe.

Howe



The fyfte parte.

Howe be it whan thurst and you sell fyft at a tray,  
You plaid the man, for ye made thurst ren away.  
So helpe me god, in my pooze oppynion,  
A man might make a plaie of this minyon.  
And sayn no groud, but take tales of his own frends,  
I suck not this out of myne owne fyngers ends.  
And sens ye wer wed, although I nought gaue you,  
Yet praeie I for you, god and saint Luke saue you.  
And here is all. for what shulde I further wade?  
I was nother of court nor of counsaile made.  
And it is as I haue lerned in lystnyng,  
A pooze dogge. that is not worth the whistlyng.  
I dare er I was wedde, I hadde you (quoth I)  
Scarborough warnyng I had (quoth he) wherby,  
I kept me thens, to setue the accorpyng.  
And now, if this nyghtes lodgyng and bozdyng  
Maie ease the, and ryd me from any moze charge,  
Than welcome. ozels get the streyght at large.  
For of further rewarde, marke how I bost me.  
In case as ye shall pelde me as ye cost me,  
So shall ye cost me as ye pelde me lyke wyse.  
whiche is, a thyng of nought rightly to surmyse.  
Here withall his wyse to make vp my mouthe,  
Not onely her hus bands tauntyng tale auouthe,  
But therto deuileth to cast in my teeth,  
Checks and chokryng oysters. And whan she seeth  
Hir tyme to take vp, to shew my fare at best,  
Ye se your fare (saied she) set your hert at rest.  
fare ye well (quoth I) how euer I fare now.  
And wel mote ye fare bothe whan I dyne with you.

The fyfte parte.

Come, go we hens frend (quoth I to my mate)  
And now will I make a crosse on this gate.  
For comyng here agayn. Haue we not well wrought?  
He say, as good plai for nought as work for nought  
Well well (quoth he) we be but where we were.  
Come what come wold, I thought er we came there.  
That yf the worst fell, we coulde haue but a naie,  
There is no harme doone man in all this fray.  
Neither pot broken, noz yet water spilt.  
Farewell he (quoth I) I wyl as sone be hylt,  
As wayte agayne for the monespyne in the water.  
But is not this a praty pyked mater?  
To disdeigne me, who much of the world hozdth not.  
As he doth, it may tyme but it acco:dzth not.  
She someth lyke a boze, the beast shuld seme bolde.  
For she is as fiers, as a lyon of cotfolde.  
She cryeth in her owne grease, but as for my parte,  
If she be angry, beshrew her angry harte.  
Let passe (quoth he) and let vs be trudgng.  
Where some nopp ale is, and softe swete ludgng.  
Be it (quoth I) but I wolde very fayne eate.  
At breakfast and dyner I eete lyttle meate.  
And two hungry meales make the thy:de a glutton.  
We went where we had boylde beefe & bake mutton.  
Wherof I fed me as full as a tunne.  
And a bed were we er the clocke had nyne runne.  
Early we rose, in haste to get awaie.  
And to the hostler this mo:nyng by daie  
This fellow calde, what how fellow, thou knaue,  
I prate the leat me and my felowe haue



The fyrste parte.

**I** heare of the dog that bote vs last nyght.  
And bytten were we both to the brayne aryght,  
we sa we eche other drunke in the good ale glas,  
And so dyd eche one eche other, that there was.  
Sawe one, but olde men saie that are skild,  
A hard foughten feeld, where no mā scapeth unkyld.  
The recknyng reckned, he needs wold pay the shot,  
And needs he must for me, for I had it not.  
This doone we shoke hands, and parted in fyne,  
He into his waie, and I into myne.  
But this tozney was quite out of my waie.  
Many kynsfolke and fewe frends, some folke saie.  
But I fynde many kynsfolke, and frende not one.  
Folke saie, it hath been saied many peres sens gone.  
Woue thy frend er thou haue nede, but in dede,  
A frende is neuer knowne tyll a man haue nede.  
Befoze I had nede, my most present foes  
Semed my most frends, but thus the worlde goes,  
Euery man basteth the fat hog we see,  
But the leane shall burne er he basted be.  
As seyth this sentence, ofte and long saied befoze.  
He that hath plenty of goodes shall haue moze.  
He that hath but a lytle, he shall haue lesse.  
He þ hath ryght nought, ryght nought shall possesse.  
Thus hauig right nought, & wold somewhat obtayn,  
with ryght nought (quoth he) I am retoznd agayne.

The .xii. Chapiter.

**V**iel (quoth I) comfort your selfe w this old text.  
That telth vs, when bale is hekst, boote is next.  
Though

The fyfte parte.

Though euery man maie not syt in the chayre,  
Yet alway the grace of god is woozth a fayre.  
Take no thought in no case, god is where he was.  
But put case in pouertee all your lyfe pas.  
Yet pouertee and pooze degree, taken well,  
feedth on this. he that neuer clymbde, neuer fell.  
And som case at some tyme shewth pcefe somwheare,  
That riches byngth ofte harme. and euer feare,  
Where pouertee passeth without grudge of greefe,  
what, man the begger may syng before the theefe.  
And who can syng so mery a note,  
As maie he, that can not chaunge a grote.  
Ye (quoth he) beggers may syng before theeves,  
And wepe before true men, lamentyng their greues.  
Some saie, and I feele hungre perseth stone wall.  
Meate noz yet money, to bye meate withall,  
Haue I not so muche as maie hungar defende  
From my wyfe and me. Well (quoth I) god will sende  
Time to prouide for tyme, right well ye shall se  
God sende that prouision in tyme, saied he.  
And thus sempyng welny wery of his lyfe,  
The poze wretche went to his like poze wretchid wife.  
And after this a monthe, o2 somwhat lesse,  
They2 landlo2de came to they2 howse to take a stresse  
For rent. to haue kept bayard in the stable,  
But that to wyn any power was vnable.  
For though it be yll playing with wo2t daggers,  
which meaneth, that euery wise man staggers,  
In earnest o2 boozde to be busy o2 bolde  
with his biggers o2 betters, yet this is tolde.

where



The first parte.

where as nothyng is, the kyng must lose his ryght.  
 And thus, kyng or kepler must haue set them quyght.  
 But warnyng to departe thens they nedyd none.  
 For er the next day the byrds were flowne eche one,  
 To seke seruyce. of which where the man was sped,  
 The wyfe could not spede, but maugre her hed,  
 She must seke els where. for either there, or ny  
 Seruice for any suite she none could espy.  
 All folk thought them not onely to lyther,  
 To lynger both in one house to gyther,  
 But also dwellyng ny vnder theyr wyngs,  
 Under theyr noses, they myght conuey thyngs.  
 Suche as were nother to heuy nor to whot,  
 More in a month then they theyr master got  
 In a whole pere. wherto folke further weping,  
 Receite eche of other in their conueying,  
 Myght be worst of all. For this prouerbe pzeues,  
 Where be no recepuers, there be no theeues.  
 Such hap here hapt, that comon dyede of such gyles,  
 Droue them and kepeth them asonder many myles.  
 Thus though loue decree, departure death to be,  
 Yet pouertee parteth felowshyp we see.  
 And dothe thole two trewe louers so disseuer,  
 That meete shall they seldwhan, or haply neuer.  
 And thus by loue, without regarde of lyuyng,  
 These twayn haue wrought eche others yll cheuyng.  
 And loue hath so lost them the loue of theyr freends,  
 That I thinke thein lost, and thus this tale ends.

I . . . The

The fyrste parte.

The. xiii. chapter.

**A** Sir (said my frend) whan men will needs marry,  
I see now, howe wisdom and haste may vary.  
Namely where they wed for loue all together,  
I wold for no good, but I had come hither.  
Swete beautee with soure beggery, naye I am gon,  
To the welthy wythred wydow, by seynt John.  
What yet in all haste (quoth I) ye (quoth he)  
For she hath substance ynough. and ye se,  
That lack is the losse of these two yong fooles.  
Know ye not (quoth I) that after wyse mens schooles,  
A man shold here all parts, et he iudge any,  
Why are ye that (quoth he) for this (quoth I.)  
I tolde you, when I this began, that I wolde,  
Tell you of two couples. and I haupng tolde  
But of the tone, ye be strepght startyng away,  
As I of the tother had ryght nought to sey.  
O; as your selfe of them ryght nought wold here,  
Say not all so (quoth he) but syngs I thynk clere,  
There can no way appere so paynfull a lyfe,  
Betwene your yong neyboure & his olde ryche wyfe,  
As this tale in this yong pooze couple doth shewe,  
And that the moste good or leste yll ye knowe.  
To take at end, I was at begynnynge bent,  
With thanks for this, & your more payne to preuent,  
Without any more matter now reuolued,  
I take this matter here clerely resolued.  
And that ye herein awarde me to forsake,  
Beggerly beautee, & riuylde ryches take.

Thats



The fyrst parte.

That is iust. if the half shall iudge the whole (quoth I)  
But yet here the whole, the whole wholly to try.  
To it (quoth he) than I praie you by and by.  
We will dine fyrst (quoth I) for it is noone hy.  
We maie as wel (quoth he) dine whan this is doone.  
The longer forenoone the shorter after noone.  
All cometh to one, and therby men haue gest,  
Alwaie the longer east the shorter west.  
We haue had (quoth I) before ye cam, and syn,  
Weather, meete to sette paddocks abroode in.  
Rayn, more thā enough. & whā al shrews haue dynd,  
Chaunge from foule wether to faire is oft inclind.  
And all the shrews in this parte, sauyng one wife,  
That must dine with vs, haue dind peyn of my life.  
Now if good chaunge of yll wether be dependyng,  
Upon her diet, what wer myne offendyng,  
To kepe the woman any longer fastyng.  
If ye (quoth he) set all this farre castyng.  
For common wealth, as it appereth a clere case,  
Reason wold your will shuld, and shall take place.  
Thus endeth the fyrst parte.

The seconde parte.

The fyrst chapter.

Diners can not be long, where depnteas want,  
Where coin is not comon, comons must be scant.  
In poste pace we past from potage to cheese,  
And yet this man cryde, alas what tyme we leese.  
If it be

The second parte.

He wolde not leat vs pause after our repast e,  
But aparte he pluckt me streight, and in all haste,  
As I of this pooze pong man, and pooze pong mayd,  
O: moze pooze pong wife, the forsaide words had said,  
So praieth he me now the processe maie be tolde,  
Betwene the other pong man, and riche widow olde.  
If ye lacke that (quoth I) a waie ye must wynde,  
With your holle errand, and half thanſwer behynde.  
Which thing to do, sens haste therto ſewth you loth,  
And to haſte your goyng, the daie a waie goth,  
And that tyme loſte, agayne we can not wyn,  
Without moze loſſe of tyme this tale I begyn.

In this late old wydow, and than old new wyſe,  
Age and appetite fell at a ſtrong ſtryſe.

Hir luſt was as pong, as hir lyms were olde.

The daie of hir weddyng, lyke one to be ſolde.

She ſet out her ſelfe in fine aparell.

She was made like a beere pot, o: a barell.

A croked hoked noſe, beetyll browde, bleare eyde.

Many men wiſhte, for beautifyng that byrde,

Hir waſte to be gyrd in, and for a boone grace,

Some well fauourd viſo:, on hir yll fauourd face.

But with viſo:like viſage, ſuche as it was,

She ſmykd, and ſhe ſmylde, but ſo liſped this laſ,

That folke might haue thought it done onely alone,

Of wantonneſſe. had not her teeth been gone.

Upryght as a candell ſtandeth in a ſoket,

Stoode ſhe that daie, ſo ſympze de coket,

Of auncient fathers ſhe toke no cure no: care.

She was to theim, as kop as a crokers mare.

She



## The seconde parte.

She toke the tertainment of the yong men  
 All in daunce, as nyce as a nuns hen.  
 I suppose that daie hir eares might well glow.  
 For all the towne talkt of hir, hye and low.  
 One sayde, a well favoured olde woman she is.  
 The deuyll she is, said an other, and to this,  
 In came the thynde, with his. v. egges, and sayde,  
 Festy yere ago I knewe hir a trym mayde.  
 What euer she were than (sayd one) she is now,  
 To become a byrde, as meete as a sow  
 To beare a saddle. She is in this mariage  
 As comely as is a cowe in a cage.  
 Sup with a galde backe gill, come bp to souper.  
 What myne olde mare wolde haue a newe crouper.  
 And now myne olde hat must haue a new band.  
 Well (quoth one) glad is he that hath hir in hand.  
 A goodly mariage she is, I here saie.  
 She is so (quoth one) were the woman away.  
 Well (quoth an other) fortune this moueth.  
 And in this case euery man as he loueth.  
 Quoth the good man. When that he kys his cowe.  
 That kys (quoth one) doth wel here, by god a bowe.  
 But how can she gyue a kysse sowze o? sweete  
 Hir chyn and hir nose, within halfe an ynche meete.  
 God is no botcher sy, saied an other.  
 He Chapeth all partes, as eche parte maie fitte other.  
 Well (quoth one) wysely, let vs leaue this shannyng.  
 God spede theim, be as be maie is no bannyng.  
 That halbe, halbe, and with gods grace they shall  
 Doo well. And that they so maie, my she we all.

The seconde parte.

**This** wonder (as wōders last) lasted nine daies.  
which done, & all gēsts of this feast gon they? waies,  
Ordinary householde this man began  
Uery sumptuously, whiche he might we'l doo than,  
what he wold haue, he might haue. his wife was set,  
In suche dotage of hym, that fayre woꝝdes dyd set,  
Grouelsede plentee. and pleasure to prefer,  
She made muche of hym, & he mockt muche of her.  
I was as (I saied) muche there, and moſte of all  
The fyrst month. in which time such kindnes did fall,  
Betwene these.ii. counterfaite turtle burds.  
To see his sweete looks, and here her swete wuꝝds,  
And to thynke wherfoze they bothe, put bothe in vꝛe,  
It wolde haue made a hoꝝs bꝛeake his halter sure.  
Al the fyrst fortnight they? tickig might haue tought,  
Any yong couple, their loue ticks to haue wꝛought.  
Some laught. & seyð, al thyng is gay that is greene.  
Som therto said, the grene new bꝛome swepith cleene  
But sens al thyng is the woꝝs foꝝ the wearyng,  
Decay of clene sweepyng folke had in fearyng.  
And in dede, et.ii. monthes alwaie were crept,  
And her byggest baggs into his bosome swept,  
where loue had appeerd in hym to her alwaie  
Hotte as a toste, it grew cold as a kate.  
He, at meate caruyng hir, and none els befoze,  
Now carued he to all but hir, & hir no moze.  
Where hir woꝝds seemd hony, by his synplyng chere,  
Now are they mustard. he frowneth them to here.  
And whan she sawe swete sauce begyn to waxe sowze,  
She wart as sowze as he, and as well coulde lowze.  
So



The seconde parte.

So turned they theyr tippets by waie of exchaunge,  
from laughyng to loutyng, & taunts did so raunge,  
That in playne terms, playne truth to you to better,  
They two agreed, lyke two cattis in a gutter.  
Mary sir (quoth he) by scratchyng and bytyng  
Cattis and dogs come together. by folks recityng,  
Togpyther by the eares they come (quoth I) cheryly.  
Now be it those wordes are not boyde here clerely,  
For in one state they twayne could not yet settyll.  
But waueryng as the wynde. in docke out nettyll.  
Now in now out, now here now there, now sad,  
Now mery, now hye now lowe, nowe good now bad.  
In whiche vnsteddy sturdy stormes streynable.  
To know how they bothe were irrefreynable,  
Marke how they fell out, and how they fell in.  
At thende of a supper she dyd thus begyn.

The secon de chapitre.

Husband (quoth she) I wold we were in our nest.  
Whan the bely is full, the bones wold be at rest.  
So soone vpon supper (sayd he) no question,  
Slepe maketh yll and vnholosome digestion.  
By that diete a great disease ons I gat.  
And burnt chylde fyre dyedth. I will beware of that.  
What a post of physyk (seyd she) ye a post.  
And from post to piller wyfe, I haue been tost  
By that surfet. And I feele a litle fit,  
Euen nowe. by former attemptyng of it.  
Wherby, except I shall seeme to leaue my wyt,  
Before it leaue me, I must nowe leaue it.

The seconde parte.

I thanke god (quoth she) I neuer yet felte payne,  
To go to bed tymely. but rylsyng agayne  
To soone in the moornyng, hath me displeased.  
And I (quoth he) haue been moze diseased,  
By early lping downe, than by early rylsyng.  
But thus differ folke lo, in exercysyng.  
That that one maie not, an other maie.  
He maketh mastery. and men many tymes saie,  
That one loueth not, an other doth, which hath sped,  
All meates to be eaten, and all maydes to be wed.  
Haste ye to bed now, and rylse ye as ye rate.  
Whyle I rylse early, and come to bedde late.  
Long lping warme in bed is holsome (quoth she)  
while the leg warmeth, the boote harmeth (quoth he)  
well (quoth she) he that dooth as mozte men doo,  
Shalbe leste wondred on, and take any twoo,  
That be man and wyfe in all this holle towne,  
And mozte parte togyther, they rylse and lpe downe.  
whan byrds shal roust (quoth he) at. viii. ix. oz ten,  
who shal appoynt their houre. the cocke, oz the hen.  
The hen (quoth she) the cock (quoth he) iust (quoth she)  
As Iermans lips. It shal proue, moze iust (quoth he)  
Chan proue I (quoth she) the moze foole far awaie.  
But there is no foole to the olde foole, folke saie.  
Ye are wise enough (quoth he) yl ye kepe ye warme,  
To be kepte warme, and for none other harme.  
For for muche moze good, I tooke you to wedde.  
I toke not you (quoth he) nyght and daie to bedde.  
Hir carreyne carkas (saied he) is so colde,  
Bycause she is aged, and somwhat to olde,

That



## The second parte.

That she kylth me. I do but cost a stone.  
 In warinyng hir. And shall not I saue one,  
 As she wold saue an other: yes by seynt Iohne.  
 A sy? (quoth she) mary this geare is alone.  
 who that worst may shal holde the candyll, I se.  
 I must warme bed for hym shuld warme it for me.  
 This medicine, thus ministred is sharpe and colde.  
 But al thyng that is sharpe is short. folk haue tolde,  
 This trade is now begun, but yf it holde on,  
 Then farewell my good days. they will be sone gone.  
 Gospell in thy mouth (quoth he) this strife to breake.  
 Now be it, all is not gospell that thou dooest speake,  
 But what nede we lumpe out loue at ones lashing,  
 As we shuld now make hāds. what soft for dashing.  
 The fayre lasteth all the yere. we be new kneet.  
 And so late met, that I feare, we parte not yeet,  
 Quoth the baker to the pillcyp. Whiche thyng  
 From distemperate fonding temperance make byng.  
 And this reason to ayde, and make it more strong,  
 Olde wise folke saie, loue me lyttle loue me long.  
 I saie little (saied she) but I thynke more.  
 Thought is fre. Ye lean (quoth he) to the wydg more.  
 Baulynge booted not. he was not that night bent.  
 To plaie the bridgrome, Alone to bed she went.  
 This was their begynnynge of iar. Now be it,  
 For a begynnynge, this was a feate fyr,  
 And but a fleabytynge to that dyd enslew.  
 The worst is behynde. we com not where it grew.  
 Howe saie you (saied he to me) by my wyfe.  
 The diuell hath caste a bone (sayd I) to set strife

G

Be:

The seconde parte.

Betwene you, but it were a folly for me,  
To put my hande betweene the barke and the tre.  
Or to put my fygger to far in the fyre.  
Betwene you, and lay my credence in the myre.  
To medyll lytle for me it is best.  
For of lytle medylng there comth great rest.  
Yes ye may medyll (quoth he) to make hir wise,  
Wythout takyng harme, in guyng your aduise.  
She knowth me not yet, but yf she wax to wyld,  
I shall make her know, an olde knaue is no chylde.  
Sluggyng in bed with hir is woys then watchyng,  
I promyse you, an old sack as keth muche patchyng.  
Well (quoth I) to mo:ow I will to my beades,  
To pray, that as ye both wyll, so ake your heades.  
And in meane tyme my akyng hed to ease,  
I wyll couch a hogs hed. Quoth he when ye please.  
We parted, and this within a daie or twayne,  
Was raakt vp in thalshes, and couerd agayne.

The thyrde chapitre.

**T**hese .ii. daies past, he sayd to me, whan ye will  
Com chat at home. al is wel. Jak Mal haue gill.  
who had the woys ende of the staffe (quoth I now?)  
Shall the maister weare a breeche, or none. sey you.  
I truste the sow will no moze so deepe w:roote.  
But if she do (quoth he) you must set in foote.  
And whome ye see out of the waie, or shoote wyde,  
Quer shoote not your selfe any syde to hyde.  
But shoote out some wo:des, yf she be to whot.  
She mate saie (quoth I) a foolcs bolte is soone shot.

Ye



The second parte.

Ye will me to a thanklesse office here.  
And a busy officer I maie appere.  
And Iak out of office the maie byd me walke.  
And thynke me as wise as Walthams calfe, to talke,  
Of chat of hir charge, haupng therin nought to doo.  
How be it, if I se nede, as my parte comth to,  
Gladly betwene you I will doo my beste.  
I byd you to dyner (quoth he) as no geste,  
And byng your poze neighboys on your other syde.  
I dyd so. And streight as tholde wife vs espyde,  
She bad vs welcome. and merily toward me,  
Grene rushes for this sträger, strew here (quoth she)  
With this a parte she pulde me by the sleue.  
Saying in few words, my mynde to you to meue,  
So it is, that all our great fraie the last nyght,  
Is forgeuen and forgotten betwene vs quight.  
And all fraies by this I trust haue taken ende,  
For I fully hope my husbände will amende.  
Well amended (thought I) whan ye bothe relent,  
Not to your owne, but eche to others mendment.  
Nowe if hope faile (quoth she) & chance byng about  
Any suche bzeache, wherby we fall agayne out,  
I praie you tell hym his pars bers now and than.  
And wynte on me also hardly, if ye can  
Take me in any tryp. Quoth I, I am lothe,  
To meddle commonly. for as this tale gothe,  
Who medleth in all thyng, maie the godlyng.  
Well (quoth she) your medlyng hercin maie byng  
The wynd calme betwene vs, whā it els might rage.  
I will with good will (quoth I) yll wynds to swage,

The seconde parte.

Sped som wīd at nede, though I wast wind in bayn.  
To table we sat, where fyne fare dyd remain.  
Mery we were as cup and can coulde holde,  
Eche one with eche other homely and bolde.  
And she for hir parte, made vs chere heauen hye.  
The fyrst parte of diner mery as a pie.  
But a scalde head is soone broken. and so they,  
As ye shall streight here, fell at a newe fraie.

The fourthe chapter.

Husband (quoth she) ye study. be mery now.  
And euen as ye thynke now, so come to you.  
Nay not so (quoth he) for my thought to tell ryght,  
I thynke how ye lay gronyng wyfe, all last nyght.  
Husbande, a gronyng hoys, and a gronyng wyfe,  
Neuer fayne theyr maister (quoth she) for my lyfe.  
No wyfe, a woman hath nyne lyues lyke a cat.  
Well my lambe (quoth she) ye may picke out of that,  
As soone gothe the yong lambs kyn to the market,  
As tholde yews. God forbide wyfe, ye shall fyrst ict,  
I will not iet yet (quoth she) put no doubtyng.  
It is a bad sacke that will abide no cloutyng.  
And as we ofte see, the lothe stake standeth longe,  
So is it an yll stake (I haue herde amonge)  
That can not stande one yere in a hedge.  
I dynke (quoth she) Quoth he, I will not pledge.  
What nede all this. a man may loue his house well,  
Though he ryde not on the ridge, I haue herde tell.  
What, I wene (quoth she) proferd seruice synketh.  
But somwhat it is, I se, whan the cat wynteth,

And



The second parte.

And bothe her epen out, but further stryfe to Honne,  
Let the cat wyne, and leat the mous ronne.  
This past, and he chered vs all. but moſte chere,  
On his part, to this fayre yong wyfe dyd appere.  
And as he to her caſte ofte a loupng iye,  
So caſte hir huſbande lyke iye, to his plate by.  
wherewith in a great muſyng he was brought.  
frend(quothe the good man)a peny for your thought.  
fo: my thought (quothe he) that is a goodly diſhe.  
But of trouth I thought, better to haue than wiſhe.  
what. a goodly yong wyfe, as you haue (quothe he)  
Nay (quothe he) goodly gylt gobblets, as here be.  
By: lady freends (quothe I) this maketh a ſhow,  
To ſhewe you moze vnnaturall than the crow.  
The crow thynkth her own by:ds faireſt in the wood.  
But by your woo:ds (except I w:rong vnderſtood)  
Eche others by:ds o: iewels, ye doo weie  
Aboue your owne. True (quothe the old wyfe) ye ſey.  
But my neighbours deſyre rightly to meaſure,  
Comth of neede. and not of corrupte pleaſure,  
And my huſbands moze of pleaſure, than of neede.  
Olde fiſhe & yong fleſh(quothe he) both men beſt fede.  
And ſome ſey, chaunge of paſture makth fat calues.  
As fo: that reaſon (quothe he) ronth to halues.  
As well fo: the cowe calfe as fo: the bull.  
And though your paſture looke bareynly and dull,  
Yet loke not on the meate, but loke on the man.  
And who ſo looketh on you, ſhall ſhortly ſkan,  
Ye may wryte to your frends, that ye are in helth.  
But all thynge maie be ſuffred ſauyng welthe.

The second part.

An olde saied sawe, itche and ease, can no man please.  
Plentie is no deyntie. ye see not your owne ease.

I see, ye can not see the wood for trees.

Your lpps hang in your light. but this pooze mā sees  
Bothe howe blyndly ye stande in your owne lpght,  
And that you rose on your right syde here ryght.

And might haue gon further, and haue faren wurs.  
I wote well I might (quoth he) for the purs,  
But ye be a baby of Bellsabubs howze.

Content ye (quoth she) take the swete with the sowze.  
fancy may boult brian, and make ye take it flowze.

It will not be (quoth he) Mulde I dy this houre,  
while this fayze flowze flourisheth thus in myne iye.  
Yes, it might (quoth she, and here this reason why.

Snowe is white  
And lieth in the dyke } and euery man lets it lye.

Pepper is blacke  
And hath a good smacke } And euery man doth it bye.

Mylke (quoth he) is white  
And lyeth not in the dyke } but all men knowe it good meate.

Inke is all blacke  
And hath an yll smacke } No man will it drynke nor eate.

Thy ryme (quoth he) is muche elder than myne,  
But myne beyng newe, is trewe than thine.

Thou likenest now, for a vayne auantage,  
white snow to fayze yowth, black pepper to foule age  
whiche are placed out of place here by rood.

Black ynke is as pl meate, as black pepper is good.  
And white mylke as good meate, as white snow is yll.  
But a milk snow whit synoth yōg skin, who chāge wil

for



The second parte.

For a pepper ynke blacke rough olde riuel'd face  
Though chaunge be no robbry for the changed case,  
Yet shall that chaunge rob the changer of his wpt,  
For who this case sercheth, shall soone see in yt,  
That as well agreeth thy comparison in these,  
As a lyke to compate in taste, chalke and chese.  
O a like in colour to deme ynke and chalke.  
walk drab walke. Nay (quoth she) walk knaue walk  
saith that terme, How be it sy, I saie not so.  
And best we laie a strawe here, and euen there who.  
O els this geare wyll bryde a pad in the strawe.  
If ye hale this wate, I will an other wate drawe.  
Here is god in thambry (quoth I) Quoth he, naie,  
Here is the deuill in thozologe, ye maie saie.  
Sens this (quoth I) rather brygeth bale than boote,  
wzap it in the clothe, and treade it vnder foote.  
Ye harpe on the stryng, that giueth no melody.  
Your tongs ron befoze your wits, by sepnt Antony.  
Mark ye, how she hitteth me on the thubs (quoth he)  
And ye taunt me tyt ouer thumb (quoth she)  
Sens tyt for tat (quoth I) on euen hand is set,  
Set the hares head agaynst the goose ieblet.  
She is (quoth he) bent to foris you perforis  
To know, that the grey mare is the better hors.  
She chopth logyk. to put me to my clargy.  
She hath one poynte of a good hauke, she is hardy.  
But wyse, the first poynte of hawkynge is holde fast.  
And holde yefast, I red you, lest ye be cast,  
In your own tourne. Nay she will tourne the leafe,  
And rather (quoth I) take as saith in the Meafe,

At

The second part.

At your hands. and let fall her hold. than be to bold,  
Nay, I will spit in my hands, and take better hold.  
He (quoth she) that will be angry without cause,  
Must be at one, without amends. by sage sawes.  
Treade a woyme on the taylor, & it must turne agayne.  
He taketh pepper in the nose. that I complayne  
Upon his fautes, my selfe beyng faultlesse.  
But that shall not stop my mouth, ye maie well gesse.  
Well (quoth I) to muche of one thyng is not good.  
Leaue of this. Be it (quoth he) falle we to our food.  
But sustenance is no quittance in this dayment.  
No (quoth she) nor myrecknyng is no paiement.  
But even recknyng maketh long freends. my freend.  
For alwaie owne is owne, at the recknyngs eend.  
This recknyng thus reckned. and dynet ons doone,  
We thzee from them twayn, departed very soone.

The fyfte chapter.

This olde woman, the next daie after this nyght,  
Stale home to me secretely as she myght.  
To talke with me, in secret counsell (she sayed)  
Of thyngs, whiche in no wyse myght be bewayed.  
We twayne are one to many (quoth I) for men saie,  
Thzee maie keepe a counsell, if two be awaie.  
But all that ye speake, vnmete agayne to tell,  
I will saie nought but mum, and mum is counsell.  
Well than (quoth she) herein auoydng all feares,  
Auoyd your chyldren. smal pitchers haue wide eares.  
Whiche done (she saied) I haue a husband, ye know,  
Whom I made of nought, as the thig self doth show  
And



16

The seconde parte.

And for these two causes onely hym I tooke.  
First, that he for my loue, shulde louyngly looke,  
In all kyndes of cause, that loue ingender myght,  
To loue and cheryshe me by daie and by nyght.  
Secondly, the substance, whiche I to hym brought,  
He rather shoulde augment than byng to nought.  
But now my good shall bothe be spent, ye shall see,  
And it in spendyng soole instrument shall bee  
Of my distruction. by spendyng it on suche  
As shall make hym distroie me. I feare this muche.  
He maketh hauok. and setteth cocke on the hoope,  
He is so laueis, the stocke begynneth to droope.  
And as for gayne is deade, and laied in tumber.  
Whan he shoulde get ought, eche synger is a thumber.  
Eche of his ioyntes agaynst other iutles,  
As handsomly as a beare picketh muscles.  
He maketh his martes with marchantes lykely,  
To byng a shilling to nyne pence quickly.  
Flattryng knaues & queans a sort, beyond the mark,  
Hang on his sleue, & many hands make light wark.  
If he holde on a whyle, as he begyns,  
We shall se hym proue a marchant of eele skyns.  
A marchaunt, without either money or ware.  
But all be bugs words, that I speake to spare.  
Better spare at bym than at bottom, saie I,  
Euer spare and euer bare, saith he, by and by.  
Spend, & god shall sende (saith he) saith thold balet.  
What sendth he (saie I) a staffe and a wallet.  
Than vp goth his staffe, to sende me a louse.  
He is at thye words vp in the house rouse.

He

He

The seconde parte.

He hath a nest of chekyns, whiche he dothe brood,  
That wil sure make his heare grow thow his hood.  
And herein to grow (quoth she) to conclusyon,  
I pray your ayde, to auoyd this confusion.  
And for counsell herein, I thought to haue gon,  
To that cunnyng man, our curate sir Johñ.  
But this kept me back. I haue herd now and then,  
The greattest clerks be not all the wisest men.  
I thynk (quoth I) who euer that terme began,  
Was neither great clerke, nor the greatest wise man.  
In your rennyng from hym to me, ye roon  
Out of gods blissing, in to the warme soon.  
Where the blind ledth the blinde, both fall in the dike.  
And blinde be we both, if we thynke vs his lyke.  
Folke how muche foly, whan thyngs shuld be sped.  
To ren to the foote, that may go to the hed,  
Syns he best can, and most ought to do it,  
I feare not, but he will, if ye will woo it.  
There is one let (quoth she) mo then I spake on,  
My hus band and he be so great, that the ton  
Can not pisse, but the tother must let a fart.  
Choose we hym a party, then farwell my part.  
We shall so parte stake, that I shall lese the hole.  
Folk say of olde, the shoon wyl holde with the sole.  
Shall I trust hym then? nay in trust is treason.  
But I trust you, and come to you this season,  
To here me, and tell me, what way ye thynk best,  
To hem in my hus band, and set me in rest.  
If ye mynde (quoth I) a conquest to make  
Ouer your hus band, no man maie vndertake



The seconde parte.

To hyng you to ease, no; the matter amende:  
Except ye hyng him to weare a cocks combe at ende,  
fo; take that your hus band were, as ye take hym.  
As I take hym not, as your tale wolde make hym,  
Yet were contencion lyke to doo nought in this,  
But kepe hym nought, & make hym wo; than he is.  
But in this complaynt, fo; counsel quicke and clere,  
A few p;ouers fo; principuls, leat vs here.  
Who that maie not as they wolde, will as they maie.  
And this to this, they that are bounde must obaie.  
Foly it is to spurne against a p;icke.  
To striue agaynst the streame, to winche o; kicke  
Agaynst the hard wall. By this ye maie see,  
Being bounde to obedience, as ye bee,  
And also ouermatcht, suffraunce is your daunce.  
He maie ouermatche me (quoth he) perchaunce  
In strength of bodie, but my tung is a lym,  
To matche and to bere every beine of hym.  
Tong breaketh bone, it selfe haupng none (quoth I)  
If the wynde stande in that dooze, it standth a wy,  
The perill of pratyng out of tune by note,  
Telth vs, that a good be still is woo;th a grote.  
In beyng your owne foe, you spyn a fayre threede,  
Aduise ye well, fo; here doeth all lye and bleede,  
Flee thattemptyng of extremittees all.  
Folke saie, better syt still, than rise and fall.  
And where the smalle with the great, can not agree,  
The weaker goth to the potte, we all daie see.  
So that alwaie the bygger eateth the beane.  
Ye can nought wyn, by any wayward meane.

It

where

**The seconde parte.**

**where the hedge is lowest, men make soonest ouer.  
Be silent. Let not your tongue run at rouer.  
Hens by stryfe, ye make lose, and can not wyn,  
Suffer. It is good slepyng in a whole skyn.  
If he chide, kepe you bill vnder wyng muet.  
Chattynge to chydynge is not worth a chuet.  
We see many thynges myght ouercomth ryght.  
were not you as good thā to say, the crow is whight.  
And so rather let saye wordes make fooles fayn.  
Thā be plain without plites, & plant your own payn,  
for were ye as playne as Dunstable hys waie.  
Yet shulde ye that waie rather breake a loue daie,  
Than make one. thus though ye perfectly knew,  
All that ye coniecture to be proued trew.  
Yet better dissemble it, and make it of.  
Than to bryd hym with it in earnest or scow.  
If he plaie falsehed in felowshyp, plaie ye,  
Se me, and se me not. the worst part to fle.  
why thynke ye me so white lyerd (quoth she)  
That I will be tong tied: Nay I warrant ye.  
They that will be afraide of every farte,  
Must go farre to pisse. well quoth I, your parte  
Is to suffice (I saie.) for ye shall preeue,  
Taunts appease not thyngs, they rather agreeue.  
But for yll company, or expence extreme,  
I here no man doubt, so far as ye deeme.  
And there is no fyre without some smoke, we see.  
Well well, make no fyre, reyse no smoke (said she)  
what cloke for the rayne so euer ye byng me,  
My selfe can tell best, where my shoe doth wyng me,  
But**



## The seconde parte.

But as ye saie, where fyre is, smoke will appere.  
 And so hath it doone. for I dyd lately here,  
 How flek and his make, vse they? secrete hauntynge.  
 By one byrd, that in myne eare was late chauntynge.  
 One swallow maketh not sommer (saied I) men saie,  
 I haue (quothe he) no blocks in his waie to laie.  
 For further encrease of suspicion of yls,  
 Besyde his iettynge in to the towne, to his gils.  
 With caletts he consumeth hym selfe and my goods,  
 Somtyme in the feelds, somtyme in the woods.  
 Some here and se him, whom he hereth no? seeth not.  
 But feelds haue eies, and woods haue eares. ye wot.  
 And also on my maydes he is euer tootynge.  
 Can ye iudge a man (quothe I) by his lookynge?  
 What, a cat maie looke on a kynge. ye know,  
 My cats leerynge loke (quothe he) at fyrst shew,  
 Shewth me, that my cat gothe a catterwaupynge.  
 And specially by his maner of dyaupynge,  
 To Wadge my fayre mayde. for maie he come up hir,  
 He must nedes baste hir, as he comth by hir.  
 He loueth wel sheeps flesh, that wets his bred in wul.  
 If he leaue it not, we haue a crow to pull.  
 He loueth hir better at the sole of the foote,  
 Than euer he loued me at the herte roote.  
 It is a foule byrd, that spleth his owne nest.  
 I wolde haue hym lyue as gods lawe hath exprest.  
 And leaue leude tyckynge. he that will none yll do,  
 Must do nothyng, that belongeth therto.  
 To ricke and laugh with me, he hath laifull leue.  
 To that I saied nought, but laught in my sleue.

The second parte.

But whan she seemed to me fixed in mynde,  
Rather to seke for that she was lothe to fynde,  
Then leue that sekynge, by which she might fynde ease.  
I faunde this fancy to feele how it wolde please.  
Wyll ye do well (quoth I) take payne to watche hym.  
And if ye chance in aduoutry to catche hym,  
Then haue ye hym on the hpp, or on the hpydell.  
Then haue ye his head fast vnder your gyrdell.  
Where your words now do but rub hym on the gall.  
That dede without words shal dysue him to the wal.  
And further than the wall, he can not go.  
But must submyt hym selfe. and if it hap so,  
That at ende of your watche, he gyltes appere,  
Tha al grudge, growne by ielousy, taketh end clere.  
Of all folks I maie worst watche hym (saith she)  
For of all folks him selfe most watcheth me.  
I shall as soone trie hym or take hym this waie,  
As dysue a top ouer a tyeld house, no naie.  
I maie kepe corners or holow trees with thowle,  
This leuen yeres, daie and night to watche a bowle,  
Before I shall catche hym with vndoubted euyl.  
He must haue a long spoone, shal eate with the deuyl.  
And the deuyl is no falser then is he.  
I haue ofte herde tell, it had nede to be  
A wylly mouse, that shuld bzyede in the cats eare.  
Shall I get within hym thane naie ware that geare.  
It is harde haltyng before a cripple, ye wot.  
A faller water dysnker there lpueth not.  
Whan he hunteth a doe, that he can not auow,  
All dogs backe not at hym, I warrant you.

Samely



The seconde parte.

Namely not I, I saie, though, as I sayed,  
He somtyme, though seldome, by some be betwrayed.  
Close huntynge (quoth I) the good hunter alowth,  
But be your husband neuer so still of mowth,  
If ye can hunte, and will stande at recepte,  
Your mayde examinde, maketh hym open strepte.  
That wer (quoth she) as of my truth to make preefe,  
To are my fellow, whether I be a theefe.  
They cleane together like burs. that waie I shall  
Pike out no more, than out of the stone wall.  
Then lyke ye not to watche hym for wyfe nor mayde.  
No (quoth she.) No; I (quoth I) what euer I sayde.  
And I my selfe not onely your watche in bayne,  
But also yf ye tooke hym. what coulde ye gayne  
From suspicion to knowlege of yll. for sothe  
Coulde make ye do, but as the flounder dothe,  
Leape out of the fryng pan into the fyre.  
And change from yll pain to wurs is woith smal hyre.  
Let tyme trie. tyme trieth trouth in euery dout.  
And deme the best, til tyme hath tried the trouth out.  
And reason saith, make not two sorowes of one.  
But ye make ten sorowes, where reason maketh none.  
For where reason (as I saied) wylth you to wyne,  
(Although all were proued, as yll as ye thynke)  
Contrary to reason ye stampe and ye stare.  
Ye frette and ye fume, as mad as a marche hare.  
Withouth profe to his reppose present or paste.  
But by suche reposte, as moste proue lies at laste.  
And here goth the hare awaie, for ye iudge all,  
And iudge the mozt in all, or profe in ought fall.

But

The second parte.

But blind men shold iudge no colours. by old sawes,  
And folk oft times are most blind in their own cause.  
The blynde eate many flyes. how be it the fansy,  
Of your blyndnesse comth not of ignozancy,  
Ye could tell a nother herein, the best way.  
But it is as folke dooe. and not as folke say,  
As ye can seeme wise in woꝝds, be wise in dede.  
That is (quoth she) sooner sayd than done, I drede.  
But me thynkth your counsell wepth in the whole,  
To make me put my synger in a hole.  
And so by sufferaunce to be so lyther,  
In my howse, to ley fyze and tow togyther.  
But if they fyze me, some of them shall wryn  
More tow on their distaues, then they can well spyn.  
And the best of them shall haue both their hands full,  
Bolster oꝝ pyllow foꝝ me, be whole wull.  
I wpll not beare the deupls sack, by saint Audꝝp.  
Foꝝ concelyng suspycyon of their bawdꝝp.  
I feare false measures, oꝝ els I were a childe.  
Foꝝ they that thynk none yll, ar sonest begylde.  
And thus though much water go by the myll,  
That the myller knoweth not of, yet I wpll  
Cast what maie scape. and as though I dyd fynde it,  
With the clak of my myll, to fyne meale grynd it.  
And sure oꝝ I take any rest in effect,  
I must banyshe my maydes, such as I suspect.  
Better it be done than wpll it had bene doone.  
As good vndone (quoth I) as dooe it to soone.  
well (quoth she) tyll sone, fare ye well, and this  
kepe now as secret, as ye thynk meete is.

Out



## The second parte.

Out at dooꝛs went she herewith. and herebpon  
 In at dooꝛs cam he forthwith as she was gon.  
 And, without any teinprate protestacpon,  
 Thus he began, in way of exclamacion.

## The. vi. chapitre.

**O** what choyse may compare, to the deuyls lyfe,  
 Lyke his, that hath chosen a deuyl to his wife.  
 Namely suche an olde wytche, suche a mackabryne,  
 As euermoze lyke a hog hangeth the trogne,  
 On her husband. except he be hir slaue,  
 And folow all fancies, that she wold haue.  
 This pꝛouerbe pꝛoueth, there is no good accorde,  
 Where euery man woulde be a loꝛde.  
 Wherfoze my wyfe wil be no loꝛd, but lady.  
 To make me, that shulde be hir loꝛde, a baby.  
 Befoze I was wedded, and seng. I made recknyng,  
 To make my wyfe boow at euery becknyng.  
 Bachelers boist, how they wil teche their wiues good,  
 But many a man speaketh of Robyn hood,  
 That neuer shotte in his bowe. Whan all is sought,  
 Bachelers wiues, & maiides children be well taught.  
 And this with this, I also begyn to gather,  
 Euery man can rule a wyewe saue he that hath her.  
 At my wil I wend she wolde haue wrought, like war.  
 But I synde and keele, she hath founde suche knaue.  
 In hir bouget, and suche totes in hir hed,  
 That to daunce after her pipe I am ny led.  
 It is saied of olde, an olde dog byteth soze.  
 But by god, tholde bitche byteth sozer and moze.

I

And

The seconde parte.

And not with teeth (he hath none) but with his tong.  
If all tales be true (quoth I) though he be stong,  
And thereby styng you, he is not muche to blame.  
For what euer you saie, thus goeth the same,  
Whan folke fyrst saw your substance layd in your lap,  
Without your pain, w your wife brought by good hap  
Oft in remembrance of haps happy deuise,  
They wold saie, better to be happy than wyle.  
Not myndyng thereby than, to depaue your wylt,  
For they had good hope, to see good proufe of yt.  
But sens their good opinion therein so cooles,  
That they saie as ofte, god sendeth fortune to foolcs.  
In that as fortune without your wylt gaue it,  
So can your wylt not kepe it whan ye haue it.  
Saieth one, this geare was gotten on a holy daie.  
Saieth an other, who maie holde that will awaie.  
This game fro beginning, sheweth what end is ment.  
Soone gotten soone spent, yll gotten yll spent.  
Ye are calde not onely to great a spender,  
To franke a gyuer, and as free a lender,  
But also ye spende gyue and lende, among suche,  
Whose lightnesse minisheth your honestee as muche,  
As your money, and muche they disalow,  
That ye byrbe all from hir, that brought all to yow.  
And spende it out at dooꝝ, in spite of hir,  
Bycause ye wolde kill hir, to be quite of hir.  
For all kyndnesse of hir parte, that maie ryle,  
Ye shewe all thunkyndnesse ye can deuyse.  
And where reason and custome (they saie) asfooꝝds  
Alwaie to let the loosers haue theyꝝ wooꝝds,

You



The second parte.

You make hir a cookqueyn, and consume hir good,  
And she must syt lyke a beane in a monks hood.  
Bearyng no more rule, than a goose turd in tems.  
But at hir owne maydens becks, wyngs, oꝝ hems.  
She must obeie those lambs, oꝝ els a lambs skyn,  
Ye will prouide foꝝ hir, to lap her in.  
This byteth the mare by the thumbe, as they sey.  
Foꝝ were ye, touchyng condicion (saie they)  
The castell of honestee in all thyngs els.  
Yet shoulde this one thyng as their holle tale tels,  
Defoyle and deface that castell to a cotage.  
One crop of a tourde marrrh a pot of potage.  
And some to this, crye, let hym pas, foꝝ we thynke,  
The more we stur a tourde, the wours it will synke.  
With many condicions good, one that is yll,  
Defaceth the floure of all, and dothe all spyll.  
Nowe (quoth I) if you thynke they truely clatter,  
Let your amendement amende the matter.  
Half warnd half armd. this warnig foꝝ this I shew,  
He that hath an yll name, is halfe hangd. ye know.

The vii chapter.

Well saied (saied he) mary syꝝ here is a tale,  
Foꝝ honestee, meete to set the dyuell on sale.  
But nowe am I foꝝst, a head roll to vnfolde,  
To tell somwhat more to the tale I erst tolde.  
Grow this, as most part doth, I durst holde my lyfe,  
Of the ielousy of dame Iulok my wyfe,  
Than shall ye wonder, whan truth dothe define,  
Howe she can, and dothe here, bothe bite and whine.

I ii

fran:

The seconde parte.

framp, heresy, and ielousy are thzee,  
That men saie hardly oꝛ neuer cured be.  
And all though ielousy nede not oꝛ boote not,  
what helpeth that counsell, if reason roote not.  
And in madde ielousy she is so farre gon,  
She thynkth I roon ouer all, that I looke on.  
Take good hede of that (quoth I) foꝛ at a woꝛde,  
The pꝛouerbe saieth, he that striketh with the swoꝛde,  
Shalbe stricken with the scaberde. Cuth (quoth he)  
The diuell with my scaberde will not strike me,  
But my dame takyng suspicion foꝛ full pꝛeece,  
Repoꝛteth it foꝛ trouth, to the moſte miſcheefe.  
In woꝛds gold and hole, as men by wꝛt could wiſhe.  
She will lye as faſt as a dogge will lyke a diſhe.  
She is of trouth as faſe, as god is trew.  
And if she chauce to ſee me at a beu  
kyſſe any of my maides alone, but in ſpoꝛte,  
That taketh ſhe in ernest, after Bedleem ſoꝛte.  
The cow is wood. Hit tong ronth on patens,  
If it be moꝛne, we haue a payꝛe of matens.  
If it be euen, euenſong. not latyn noꝛ greeke,  
But englyſhe, and lyke thut as in eaſter wecke.  
She beginneth, ſyꝛt with a cry a leꝛſone.  
To whiche ſhe ringth a peale, a latom. ſuche one,  
As folk ring bees w halos, þ woꝛld ronth on wheles.  
But except her mayde ſhe we a fayꝛe payꝛe of heles,  
She haleth hit by the boop rope, tyll her bꝛayns ake.  
And bꝛing I home a good diſhe, good chere to make,  
What is this (ſaith ſhe) Good meat (ſaie I) foꝛ yow.  
God a mercy hoꝛs, a pꝛyg of myne owne ſowe.

Thus



The second parte.

Thus whan I se, by kyndnesse ease renewth not,  
And than, that the eye seeth not, the herte renewth not,  
And that he must nedes go, whō the diuel doth drive,  
Hit forȝ forȝyng me, for myne ease to contriue,  
To leat her faste and freate alone for me,  
I go where mery chat, and good chere mate be.  
Much spend I abrode, which at home shuld be spent,  
If we wolde leaue controllynge, and be content.  
There lepte a whityng (quoth he) and lepte in streite.  
Ye shall streight here (quoth he) a pety conceite.  
He maketh you beleue, by lyes leyde on by lode,  
My bzaulyng at home, maketh hym banket abrode.  
Where his bankets abrode, make me bzaule at home,  
For as in a frost, a mud wall made of lome  
Cracketh and crummeth in peeces a sonder,  
So melteth his money, to the worldes wonder.  
Thus maie ye se, to tourne the cat in the pan,  
Or set the cart before the hors, well he can.  
He is but little at home, the trewth is so.  
And forȝ with hym he will not let me go.  
And if I come to be mery where he is,  
Than is he mad, as ye shall here by this.  
Where he with gossips at a banket late was,  
At whiche as ble is, he payde all, but let pas.  
I came to be mery, wherwith meryly,  
Hosface. Haue among you blynde harpers (sayd I.)  
The mo the merier, we all daie here and se.  
Ye but the fewer the better fare (saied he)  
Then here were, er I came (quoth I) to many.  
Here is littell meate left, if there be any.

I.iii.

And

The second part.

And it is yll commyng, I haue harde say,  
To thend of a shot, and begynnynge of a fray.  
But vp thy purs (quoth he) thou shalt none pay.  
And fray here shuld be none, were thou gon thy way.  
Here is, syng thou camst, to many feet a bed.  
welcom when thou goest, thus is thyne errand sped.  
I come (quoth I) to be one here, if I shall,  
It is mery in halle, when berds wag all.  
What byd me welcom pyg. I pray the kys me.  
Say farewell sow (quoth he) our loyde blys me  
from bassyng of beasts of beare bynder lane,  
I haue (quoth I) for fyne suger, saye rats bane.  
Many peres seng, my mother seyd to me,  
My elders wold saie, it ys better to be  
An olde mans derlyng, then a yong mans werlyng.  
And god knowth, I knew none of this snerlyng.  
In my olde husbands days, for as tenderly,  
He loued me, as ye loue me slenderly.  
we dyew both by one line. Quoth he, wold to our loyd  
Ye had in that dysawpyng, hangd both in one corde.  
For I neuer meete the at fleshe nor at fysh,  
But I haue sure a dead mans head in my dyshe.  
Whose best and my worst day, that wilt myght be,  
was when thou dydst bury him, and mary me.  
If you (quoth I) long for chaunge in those cases,  
wold to god he and you had chaunged places.  
But best I chaunge place. for here I may be sparde.  
And for my kynde compyng, this is my rewarde.  
Claw a choyle by thars, and he shyteth in my hande.  
Knak me that nut, much good doyt you al this band.

Muste



The second parte.

Muste she not (quoth he) be welcome to vs all,  
Amonge vs all, lettynge suche a farewell fall  
But such carpeters, such chips. Quoth she folke tell,  
Suche lips, such letise, suche welcom, suche farwell.  
Thine own words (quoth he) thyn own welcom mard  
well (saied she) whan so euer we twayn haue iard,  
My words be pyed at narrowly, I espye.  
Ye can see a mote in an other mans eye,  
But ye can not see a balke in your owne.  
Ye marke my words, but not that they be growne.  
By reuellous ryding on every royle.  
Well ny every daie a newe mare or a mogle.  
As muche vnbonest, as vnprofitable,  
whiche shall byng vs shortly to be vnable,  
To gyue a dog a losse, as I haue oft sayde.  
Howe be it your pleasure maie no tyme bee denyde,  
But styll you must haue, both the fynest meate,  
Apparell, and all thyng that money maie geate,  
Lyke one of fonde fancy so fyne and so neate,  
That wold haue better bread thā is made of wheate.  
The best is best cheape (quoth he) men saie clere.  
Well (quoth she) a man maie bie golde to dere,  
Ye nother care, nor welny caste what ye paie,  
To bye the dearest for the best alwaie.  
But wyse men can saie, agaynst helyng to hye,  
Newe not to hye, lest the chypys fall in thyne eye.  
Measure is a mery meane, as this dothe show.  
Not to hye for the pye, nor to lowe for the crow.  
The difference betweene starving, and starke blynde,  
The wyse man at all tymes to folowe can fynde.

And

The second part.

And þwis an auditour of a meane wyte,  
Maie soone accompt, though hereafter come not yet,  
Pet is he sure be the daie neuer so longe,  
Guermore at laste they tynge to euenlonge.  
And where ye sped much, though ye spent but lickell,  
Yet littell and littell the cat eateth the flickell.  
Littell losse by length maie growe unportable.  
A mouse in tyme, maie bite a two, a gable.  
Thus to ende of all thyngs, be we leefe oꝝ lothe,  
Yet lo the pot so longe to the water gothe,  
Tyll at the laste it comth home broken.  
Fewe woꝝds to the wise suffice to be spoken.  
If ye were wise, here were ynough (quoth she)  
Here is ynough, and to muche, dame (quoth he)  
foꝝ though this appere a pꝛopꝛe pulpet peece,  
Yet whan the soꝛe pꝛeacheth, than beware our geese.  
Thou woldest haue me hynch a pynch, like a snudge,  
Euery daie to be thy dysuell, oꝝ thy dyndge.  
Not so (quoth she) but I wold haue ye stur  
Honestly, to kepe the wylfe from the dur.  
Ofte saied the wise man, whom I erst dyd bery,  
Better are meales many, than one to mery.  
Well (quoth he) that is answered with this. wyse.  
Better is one monthes chere, than a churles hole life.  
I thynke it learnyng of a wyset lectour,  
To lerne to make my selfe myne owne erectour.  
Than spare foꝝ an other, that might wed the,  
As the foole, thy fyrst husbande. spared foꝝ me,  
And as foꝝ yll places, thou sekest me in mo,  
And in woꝝs to. than I into any go.



## The seconde parte.

wherby this prouerbe sheweth the in by the wecke.  
 No man wll an other in the ouen seeke,  
 Except that hym selfe haue been there before,  
 God gyue grace thou hast been good. I saie no more.  
 And wold haue the sai lesse. except thou couldst proue  
 Suche processe, as thou slaunderously doest moue.  
 For slaunder perchaunce (quoth he) I not denye.  
 It maye be a slaunder, but it is no lye,  
 It is a lye (quoth he) and thou a lper.  
 Woll ye (quoth he) dyspue me to touche ye nyet e  
 I rub the gald hors backe till he winche, and pit.  
 He wold make it seme, that I touche hym no whit.  
 But I wot what I wot, though I few words make,  
 Many kysse the childe for the nurces sake.  
 Ye haue many godchylde:en to looke vpon,  
 And ye blesse them all, but ye blesse but one.  
 This half sheweth, what the holle meanth, & I meene.  
 Ye fet circumquages to make me beleue  
 Or thynke, that the moone is made of a grene chese.  
 And whan ye haue made me a loute in all these,  
 It semeth ye wolde make me go to bed at noone.  
 Raie (quoth he) the date of dome shall be doone  
 Er thou go to bed at noone, or nyght, for me,  
 Thou art, to be playn and not to flatter the,  
 As hollome a mozell for my comly coys,  
 As a shoulde of mutton for a speke hors.  
 Thou makest me claw where it itcheth not. I wold  
 Thy tounge were coolde to make thy tales more cold.  
 That aspine leafe, such spitefull clappyng hath byed,  
 That my cap is better at ease than my hed.

A

God

**The seconde parte.**

**God sende that hed (saied she) a better nurs.  
For whan the hed aketh, all the body is the wurs.  
God graunt (quoth I) the hed and body bothe too,  
To nurs eche other, better than they doo,  
O: euer haue doone for the moste tymes paste,  
I brought to nurs both (quoth she) had not be waste,  
Margery good cowe (quoth he) gaue a good meeke,  
But than she cast it downe agayne with hir heele.  
Howe can her purs for p:ofyte bee delitefull &  
whole persone and p:op:etees be so spitefull  
As are thyne. Sure a man were better begge,  
O: spt with a rosted appull, o: an egge,  
Where his appetite serueth hym to bee,  
Than euery date to fare lyke a duke with the.  
Lyke a duke, lyke a duck (quoth she) thou shalt fare,  
Except thou wilt spare, moze thā thou dost yet spare.  
Thou farest to well (quoth he) but thou art so wood,  
Thou knowst not who doth þ harm, who doth þ good  
Yes yes (quoth she) for all those wyse words vttered,  
I knowe on whiche syde my bzeade is buttred,  
But there will no butter cleaue on my bzeade.  
And on my bzeade any butter to be sprede,  
Euery p:ompse that thou therein doest vtter,  
Is as sure, as it were sealed with butter.  
O: a mouse tyed with a threede. Euery good thyng,  
Thou lettest euen slyp, like a wag halter slypstryng.  
But take vp in tyme, o: els I protest,  
All be not abedde, that shall haue yll rest.  
Nowe go to thy derlyngs, and declare thy greefe.  
Where all thy plesure is, hop hooze, pype theefe.**

**The**



The seconde parte.

The cyght chapter.

**V**With this thes hopt she, wherwith o lord he cride  
what wretch but I, this wretchednes could bide  
Howe be it in all this wo, I haue no wronge,  
for it onely is all on my selfe alonge.  
where I shuld haue bridled hir fyrt with rough byt,  
to haue made hir chowe on the byrdell one fyt,  
for likozous lucre of a little winnyng,  
I gaue hir the byrdell at begynnyng.  
And now she taketh the byrdle in the teeth,  
And runth awaie with it, wherby eche man seeth,  
It is (as olde men right well vnderstande)  
All puttyng a naake sworde in a mad mans hande.  
She taketh such hert of gras, & though I maym hir,  
Or kill hir, yet shall I neuer reclaym hir,  
She hath (they say) been styffe necked euermore.  
And it is yll healyng of an olde soze.  
This prouerbe prophesied many peres agoe,  
It will not out of the fleshe, thats byed in the bone.  
what chaunce haue I, to haue a wyfe of suche soze,  
That will no faute amende, in earnest nor spozte,  
A small thynge amysse late I dyd espy.  
whiche to make her mende, by a ieste meryly,  
I sayde but this, taunt tynct wyfe, your nose drops.  
So it maie fall, I wil eate no browesse sops  
This date. But two daies after this came in bre,  
I had sorowe to my sops ynough be sure.  
well (quoth I) it is yll testyng on the soothe.  
Soth bourd is no bourd, in ought that myyth dooth.

The seconde parte.

Suche tests could not iuggle hir, were ought amys.  
No: turne melancoly to myrth. for it is  
No playing with a strawe befoze an olde cat,  
Euery tryflyng tole age can not laugh at.  
Ye maie walke this waie, but sure ye shall fynde,  
The further ye go, the further behynde.  
Ye shoulde consyder, the woman is olde.  
And what for a whot woꝛde. Sone whot, sone colde.  
Beare with them, that beare with you. & she is scand,  
Not onely the fayrest floure of your garlande,  
But also she is all the fayre floures therof.  
Will ye requite hir than with a taunting scof:  
Or with any other kynde of vnkyndnesse:  
Take hede is a fayre thyng. Beware this blyndnesse.  
Why will ye (quoth he) I shall folowe hir will:  
To make me John drawlache, or suche a snekebill.  
To byng her solas, that byngth me forathe;  
By: lady, than we shall catche byrds to morow.  
A good wife makth a good hus bande (they saie)  
That (quoth I) ye maie tourne an other waie.  
To make a good hus bande, make a good wyfe.  
I can no moze herein, but god stynt all stryfe.  
Amen (quoth he) and god a mercy bꝛother,  
I will now mende this house, and paye an other.  
And that he ment of lykelyhod by his owne.  
For so apairde he that, er thye yerres were growne,  
That little and little he decayde so long,  
Tyll he at length came to buckle and bare thong.  
To discharge charge, that necessarily grewe,  
There was no moze water than the wypp drew.

Suche



## The seconde parte.

Suche dysfyt draue he, from yll to wars and wats;  
 Tyll he was as bare as a byrds ars.  
 Honey, and money worth, dyd so mysse hym,  
 That he had not now, one peny to blysse hym.  
 whiche foreseene in this woman wisely waying,  
 That meete was to staie somewhat for hir staping,  
 To kepe yet one messe for Alyson in stoze.  
 She kepte one bag, that he had not sene befoze.  
 A pooze cooke that maie not like his owne syngers.  
 But about hir at home now still he lingers.  
 Not checker a boord, all was not clere in the coste,  
 He lookt lyke one, that had besyrt the roste.  
 But whether any secrete tales were spyng, or  
 Or that he by gesse had got an ynklyng  
 Of hir hood, or that he thought to amende.  
 And tourne his yll begynnynge to a good ende.  
 In shewyng hym selfe a newe man, as was feet,  
 That appered shortly after, but not peet.

## The nynte chapter.

O He daie in their arbour, which stode so to myne,  
 That I might, and did closely myn eare inclyne,  
 And likewise cast myne eie to here and see,  
 what they saied and dyd, where they could not se me.  
 He vnto hir a goodly tale began,  
 More lyke a wooer, than a weddyd man,  
 As farre as matter therof therein serued,  
 But the fyrst part from wordes of wooping swerued.  
 And stode vpon repentance, with submission,  
 Of his former croked vnkynde condicion.

The seconde parte.

Praying hir, to forgeue and forget all free,  
And he forgaue hir, as he forgeuen wold bee.  
Louyng hir now, as he full depely swoze,  
As whotly, as euer he loued hir befoze.  
Well well (quoth she) what euer ye now saie,  
It is to late to call agayne yesterdaie.  
Wofle (quoth he) suche maie my diligence seeme,  
That thoffence of yesterdaie I mai redeeme.  
God taketh me as I am, and not as I was.  
Take you me so to, and let all thyngs past pas.  
I prae the good wife, thynk I speke & thynk playne.  
What, he conth far, that neuer turnth agayne.  
Ye be yong ynough to mende, I agree it.  
But I am (quoth she) to olde to see it.  
And mende ye oꝛ not, I am to olde a peere.  
What is lyfe & where lyuyng is extincte cleere.  
Namely at olde peres of least helpe and moste nede.  
But no tale coulde tune you, in tyme to take hede.  
If I tune my selfe now (quoth he) it is fayze.  
And hope of true tune, shall tune me from dispaire.  
Beleue well and haue well. men saie. Ye, saied shee,  
Doo well and haue well. men saie also, we see.  
But what man can beleue, that man can doo well,  
who of no man will counsell take oꝛ here tell.  
Whiche to you, whan any man any waie tryde,  
Than were ye deafe. ye coulde not here on that syde.  
who euer with you any tyme therein weares,  
He must bothe tell you a tale and synde you eares.  
You had on your haruest eares, thycke of heryng.  
But this is a question of olde enquerpyng,

who



The seconde parte.

who is so deafe, oꝛ so blynde, as is hee,  
That wilfully will nother here noꝛ see.  
Whan ye saue your maner, my harte foꝛ wo, molte,  
Than wold ye mende, as the fletcher mends his bolt.  
Oꝛ as sowꝛe ale mendthe in sommer, I know,  
And knew, whiche waie the wynde blew, & will blow.  
Though not to my profite, a prophete was I.  
I prophecied this, to true a prophety.  
Whan I was right yll beleued, and worse harde.  
By flynging froꝛ your folkes at home, which al mard.  
Whan I saied in semblaunce either colde oꝛ warme,  
A man far from his good, is nye his harme.  
Oꝛ wylde ye to looke, that ye loske no moꝛe,  
On suche as shew, that hungry flyes bpte soꝛe,  
Than wold ye loke ouer me, with stomake swolne,  
Lyke as the deuill lookt ouer Lyncolne.  
The deuill is deade wife (quoth he) foꝛ ye see.  
I loke lyke a lambe, in all your words to mee.  
Looke as ye lyst now (quoth she) thus lookt ye than,  
And foꝛ those lookes I shewe this, to shewe ech man,  
Suche pꝛofe of this pꝛouerbe, as none is gretter,  
which saith, that some man maie steale a hors better,  
Than some other maie stande and loke vpon.  
Leude huswiues might haue words. but I not one  
That might be alowde. But nowe if ye looke,  
In mystakynge me, ye maie see, ye tooke  
The wꝛong waie to wood, & the wꝛong sow by theare  
And therby in the wꝛonge boꝛe to thꝛue ye weare.  
I haue herde some, to some tell this tale not feelde,  
Whan thꝛyft is in the towne, ye be in the feelde.  
But contrary, you made that lence to towne,  
Whan thꝛyfte was in the feelde, ye were in the towne.  
feelde

The seconde parte.

Feelde ware might synke oꝝ swim, while ye had eny;  
Towne ware was your ware, to tourne the peny.  
But towne oꝝ feelde, where most thyrste dyd appere.  
What ye wan in thundred, ye lost in the there.  
In all your good husbandy, thus ryd the rocke,  
Ye stumbled at a strawe, and lept ouer a blocke,  
So many kynds of encrease you had in choyce,  
And nought increase noꝝ kepe, howe can I reioyce?  
foꝝ as folke haue a saying, both olde and trew,  
In that they saie, blacke will take none other hew,  
So maie I saie here, to my deepe dolour,  
It is a bad cloth, that will take no colour.  
This case is yours. foꝝ ye were neuer so wise,  
To take specke of colour, of good aduise.  
Thaduise of all frends I saie, one and other  
went in at the tone eare, and out at the tother.  
And as those woꝝds went out, this pꝛouerbe in came.  
He that will not be ruled by his owne dame,  
Shall be ruled by his stepdame, and so yow,  
Hauyng lost our owne good, and owne frends now,  
Maie seke your foꝛeyn frends. if you haue any,  
And sure one of my great greefes, amonge many,  
Is, that ye haue been so veraiie a hog,  
To my frends. What man, loue me, loue my dog.  
But you, to cast pꝛecious stones befoꝛe hogs,  
Cast my good befoꝛe a soꝛte of curꝛe dogs.  
And sawte bitches. whiche by whom now deuoured,  
And your honestee amonge them defloured,  
And that ye maie no moꝛe expence asooꝛde,  
Howe can they not asooꝛde you one good woꝛde.

And



The second parte.

And you them as fewe. And olde folke vnderstood,  
whan theues fall out, true men come to their good,  
whiche is not alwaie true. For in all that brette,  
I can no ferthynge of my good the more fetch.  
For I trow them selves neither. if they were sworne.  
Lyght come lyght go. And sure sens we were bozne,  
Ruine of one raupn, was there none gretter.  
For by your gyfts, they be as little the better,  
As you be muche the worse. and I cast a waie.  
An yll wynde, that blowth no man to good, men saie.  
wel (quoth he) euery wind blowth not down the corn  
I hope (I saie) good hap be not all out worn.  
I will nowe begyn thyrft, whan thyrste semeth gone.  
what wyse, there be mo waies to the wood than one,  
And I will assaie all the waies to the wood,  
Tyll I fynde one waie, to get agayne this good.  
Ye will get it agayn (quoth he) I feare,  
As shortly as a hors will lycke his eare.  
The douchman saith, that seggyng is good cope.  
Good words bryng not euer of good dedes good hope  
And these words shew your words spoken in scozne.  
It pricketh betymes that will be a good thorne.  
Tymely crookth the tree, that wil a good canok bee,  
And suche begynnynge suche ende. we all date see.  
Now you by me at begynnynge beyng thruen,  
And than to kepe thyrst could not be prickt nor dysuen  
Howe can ye now get thyrste, the stocke beyng gone  
whiche is thonely thynge to reyse thyrst vpon.  
Men saie, he maie yll renne, that can not go,  
And your gape, without your stocke, renneth euen so.

¶

For

The seconde parte.

For what is a workeman, without his tooles.  
Tales of Robyn hode are good among fooles.  
He can yll ppye, that lackth his ouer lyp.  
Who lackth a stocke, his gayne is not woorth a chyp.  
A tale of a tub, your tale no truthe auowth,  
Ye speake now, as ye wolde creepe into my mowth.  
In pure ppynted processe, as false as fayre,  
Howe ye will amende, whan ye can not appayre.  
But agaynst gaie glosers this rude text recites,  
It is not all butter, that the cowe whites.  
Your tale hath lyke taste, where temprance is taster,  
To bryake my head, and than gyue me a plaster.  
Now thysfe is gone, now wold ye thysue in all haste.  
And whan ye had thysfe, ye had lyke haste to waste.  
Ye lyked than better an ynche of your wyll,  
Than an ell of your thysfe. Wyfe (quoth he) be styll.  
Wate I be holpe foorth one ynche at this pynche,  
I will yet thysue (I saie) As good is an ynche  
As an ell. Ye can (quoth she) make it so, well.  
For whan I gaue you an ynche, ye tooke an ell.  
Tyll both ell and ynche be gone, and we in det.  
Nay (quoth he) with a wet synger ye can fet,  
As muche as mate easily all this matter ease,  
And this debate also pleasauntly appease.  
I coulde doo as muche with an hundred poude now,  
As with a thousande afoze, I assure you.  
Ye (quoth she) who had that he hath not, wolde  
Doo that he dooth not, as olde men haue tolde.  
Had I, as ye haue, I wolde doo moze (quoth hee)  
Than the pprest spake of on sondaie, ye shulde see.

Ye



The second parte.

Ye doo, as I haue. (quoth she) for nought I haue,  
And nought ye do. What man, I trowe ye can.  
Wolde ye bothe eate your cake, and haue your cake?  
Ye haue had of me all that I might make.  
And bee a man neuer so greedy to wyn,  
He can haue no more of the fore but the skyn.  
Well (quoth he) if ye lyst to bypnyng it out,  
Ye can geue me your blessing in a clout.  
That were for my childe, (quoth she) had I ony,  
But husbände, I haue neither childe, nor mony.  
Ye cast and coniecture this muche lyke in how,  
As the blind man casts his staffe, or hootes the crow.  
Howbeit had I money right muche, and ye none,  
Yet to be playne, ye shulde haue none, for I none.  
Naie, he that firste flattereth me, as ye haue doone.  
And dooeth as ye dyd to me after, so soone,  
He maie be in my Vater noster in dede.  
But be sure, he shall neuer come in my Crede.  
Que Maria (quoth he) howe muche in ocion  
Here is to prayers, with howe little deuocion.  
But some men saie, no peny no Vater noster.  
I saie to suche (saied she) no longer foster  
No longer lemman. But saye and well than,  
Praise and shifte eche one for hym selfe, as he can.  
Euery man for hym selfe, and god for vs all.  
To those wordes he said nought, but forthw dyd fall,  
From harpig on that stryng, to saye flattrynge spech.  
And as I erst saied, he dyd her so besech,  
That thyngs erst so far of, were nowe so far on,  
That as she maie walow, awaie she is gon,

A.ii.

where

The seconde parte.

Wher all that was lefte laie with a trusty frende,  
Dwellyng a good walke from hir at the towns ende.  
And backe agayn streight a haltpng pace she hables,  
Byngyng a bag of royals and nobles.  
All that she had, without restraynt of one iote.  
She brought bullocks noble. for noble or grote,  
Had she not one mo. whiche I after well knew.  
And anon synlyng, towarde hym as she drew,  
A sy, lyght burdeyn far heuy (quoth she)  
This lyght burdeyn in long walke welny tierth me.  
God gyue grace, I playe not the foole this daie.  
For here I sende thare after the helue awaie.  
But yf ye will stynt, and auoyde all stryfe,  
Loue and cheryshe this as ye wolde my lyfe.  
I wpll (quoth he) wyse, by god almyghty.  
This geare comth euen in puddyng tyme ryghtly.  
He snatcht at the bag. No hast but good (quoth shee)  
Short shootyng leeseeth your game, ye maie see.  
Ye myst the cushyn, for all your halte to it.  
And I maie set you besyde the cushyn yit,  
And make ye wyppye your nose vpon your flecue,  
For ought ye shall wynn without ye are me leue.  
Haue ye not herde tell, all couet all leese?  
Ah sy, I se, ye maie see no greene chese,  
But your teeth muste water. A good cokney coke.  
Though ye loue not to bpe the pyg in the poke,  
Yet snatche ye at the poke, that the pyg is in,  
Not for the poke, but the pyg good chepe to wynn.  
Lyke one halfe lost, tyll gredy graspyng gat it,  
Ye wolde be ouer the stile, or ye come at it.

But



The seconde parte.

But abyde frend, your mother byd tyll ye wer home.  
 Snatchyng wynt it not. if ye snatthe tyll to morne.  
 When saie (saied he) long standyng & small offeryng  
 Maketh pooze parsons. & in such signes & poyntyng  
 Many praty tales, and mery togs had they,  
 Befoze this bag came fully from hir away.  
 Howbeit, at laste she tooke it hym, and sayde,  
 He shulde beare it, for that it nowe heuy wayde.  
 With good will wyse. for it is (sayde he to her)  
 A proude hoys that wil not beare his own prouider.  
 And ofte befoze seemed she neuer so wyse,  
 Yet was she nowe, sodeynly wacen as nyse  
 As it had been a halporth of syluer spoones.  
 Thus cloudy mornynge turne to clere after noones.  
 But so nye noone it was, that by and by,  
 They rose, and went to dynet loungly.

The tenth chapter.

**T**his diner thought he long. & streight after that,  
 To his accustomed customers he gat.  
 With whome in what tyme he spent one grote befoze,  
 In lesse tyme he spendth now, ten grotes or moze.  
 And in small tyme he brought the worlde so about,  
 That he brought the bottom of the bag cleane out.  
 His gaddyng thus agayne made hie yll content,  
 But she not so muche as dreame that all was spent.  
 Howe be it sodeynly she mynded on a daie,  
 To picke the chest locke, wherein this bag laie.  
 Determynyng this. if it laie whole styll,  
 So shall it lye, no myte she mynthe will.

A iii

And

The seconde parte.

And if the bag began to chynke, she thought best,  
To take for hir part, some parte of the rest.  
But streight as she had forthwith opened the locke,  
And lookt in the bag, what it was a clocke,  
Than was it proued true, as this prouerbe gothe,  
He that cometh last to the pot, is soonest wrothe.  
By hir compng laste, and to late to the pot.  
Wherby she was potted, thus lyke a sot,  
To see the pot bothe l kymd for rennyng ouer,  
And also all the lykour renne at rouer.  
At hir good hus bands and hir next meetyng,  
The diuels good grace might haue geue a greetyng.  
Cyther for honour or honestee as good  
As she gaue him: She was (as they sai) hohne wood.  
In no place coulde she sitte, hir selfe to settyll.  
It seemd to hym, she had pytt on a nettyll,  
She nettlyd hym, and he rattled hir so,  
That at ende of that fraie, a sunder they go.  
And neuer after came togyther agayne.  
He turnde hir out at durs, to graze on the playne.  
And hym self went after. For within fortyght,  
All that was lefte, was launched out quight.  
And thus had he brought haddock to paddock,  
Tyll they bothe were not now worth a haddock.  
It hath been sayde, nede maketh the olde wyfe trot.  
Other folke sayde it, but she dyd it. god wot.  
Fyrst from frende to frende, & than from dur to dur,  
A beggyng to some that had begged of hur.  
But as men saie, miserie maie be mother,  
where one begger is dyuen to beg of an other.

And



The seconde parte.

And thus ware, and wasted this most woful wretche.  
Tyll death from this lyfe, dyd her wretchedly fetch.  
Her late husband, and now wydower, here and there  
wandryng about few knowe, and fewer care where.  
Cast out as an abiect, he leadeth his lyfe,  
Tyll sampe by lyke, fet hym after his wyfe.

Nowe let vs note here. fyrst of the first twayne,  
where they bothe wedded togyther, to remayne,  
Hoppynge ioyfull presence shulde weate out all wo.  
Yet pouertee brought that ioye to iensaple, lo.  
But notably note these last twayne where as hee  
Tooke hit onely, for that he ryche would bee.  
And she hym onely in hope of good happe,  
In hir dotyng daies to be daunst on the lappe,  
In condicion they differd so many waies,  
That lyghtly he layde hit vp for holy daies.  
Hir good he layde vp so, lest theues myght sple it,  
That nother she coulde, nor he can come by it.  
Thus failed all foure of all thyngs lesse and moze,  
Whych they all, or any of all, marped foze.

The leuente chapter.

Forsothe (sayd my frend) this matter maketh bolt,  
Of diminucion. For here is a myll poste  
Thwitten to a puddynge pricke so neerely,  
That I confesse me discouraged cleerely,  
In bothe my weddyngs, in all thyngs excepte one.  
This sparke of hope haue I, to procede vpone.  
Though these, and some other sped yll as ye tell,  
Yet other haue lyued and loued full well.

The seconde parte.

If I shuld deny that (quoth I) I shulde raue.  
For of bothe these sozts, I grant, that my selfe haue  
Sene of the tone sozte, and herde of the tother.  
That lyked and lyued right well, eche with other.  
But whether fortune will you, that man declare,  
That shall choose in this choice, your comfort or care  
Sens, befoze ye haue chosen, we can not know,  
I thought to laie the worst, as ye the best shou.  
That ye myght, beyng yet at libertee,  
with all your ioye, ioyne all your ieoperdce.  
And nowe this herde, in these cases on eche parte,  
I saie no moze, but laie your hande on your harte.  
I hertily thanke you (quoth he) I am sped  
Of myne errande. This hitteth the nagle on the hed.  
Who that leaueth suretee, and leaneth to chaunce,  
whan fooles pipe, by auctoritee he maie daunce.  
And sure am I, of those twayne, if I none choose,  
Although I nought wyn, yet shall I nought loose.  
And to wyn a woman here, and lose a man,  
In all this great wynnynge, what gayn wyn I thane  
But marke how folly hath me awaie caried.  
Howe lyke a wethercock haue I here varied.  
Fyrst these two women to loose I was so lothe,  
That yf I myght, I wolde haue wedded them bothe.  
Than thought I sens, to haue wedded one of them.  
And nowe knowe I clere, I wyll wed none of them.  
They bothe shall haue thys one answere by letter,  
As good neuer a whit as neuer the better.

Now let me see (quoth I) and your self answere  
The wozte question, that I asked whyle ere.

I foule



## The second parte.

A foule olde riche widow, whether wed wold ye,  
 O: a ponge fayre mayde, beyng pooze as ye be.  
 In neither barrell better hearryng (quoth hee)  
 I lyk thus, ryches as yll as pouertee.  
 Who that hath either of these pyggs in bre,  
 He hath a pygge of the worse panier sure.  
 I was wedded hnto my will. howe be it,  
 I will be deuozst, and be wedde to my wit.  
 wherby with these examplers paste, I maie see,  
 fonde weddyng, for loue, or good onely, to see.  
 Onely for loue, or onely for good,  
 O: onely for bothe. I wedde not, by my hood.  
 Thus no one thyng onely, though one thyng chieflly  
 Shall woo me to wed now, for now I espy,  
 Although the chiefe one thyng in weddyng bee loue,  
 Yet must mo thyngs ioyne, as all in one maie moue  
 Suche kynde of lpyng, for suche kynde of lyfe,  
 As, lackyng the same, no lacke to lacke a wyfe.  
 Here is enough, I am satisfied (sayde he.)  
 Sens enough is enough (sayd I) here maie we,  
 with that one word take end good, as maie be geast.  
 For folke say, enough is as good as a feast.

Dece.

FINIS.

Smith.

by auttort J. B. X.

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Long tarryng and small offeryng / make poore persons,  
Long tarryng and small offeryng make poore persons

The marriage of god and the pride of  
the Churche in durth for sauerde  
The Lottery of the Churche in durth  
The Couitousnes of the Churche in durth

The Drift poore and Proude  
his Loman fine and Loude  
The most faggyt house in the  
towne for the most <sup>set</sup> offeryng  
The newest fashioned gowne in  
Church is for the most part  
pristall Lomane her Backe